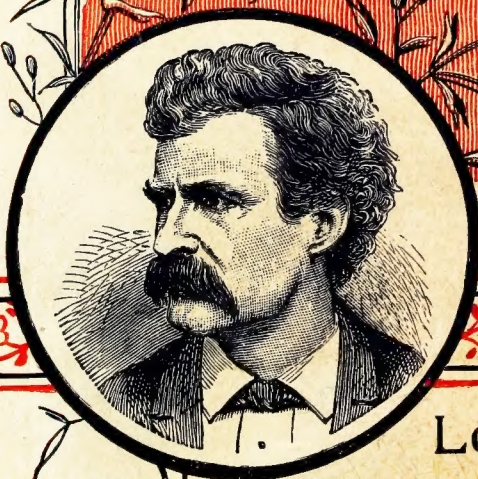


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CHOICE BITS

FROM

MARK TWAIN.



AUTOBIOGRAPHY.



TWO or three persons having at different times intimated that if I would write an autobiography they would read it when they got leisure, I yield at last to this frenzied public demand, and herewith tender my history.

Ours is a noble old house, and stretches a long way back into antiquity. The earliest ancestor the Twains have any record of was a friend of the family by the name of Higgins. This was in the eleventh century, when our people were living in Aberdeen, county of Cork, England. Why it is

that our long line has ever since borne the maternal name (except when one of them now and then took a playful refuge in an *alias* to avert foolishness) instead of Higgins, is a mystery which none of us has ever felt much desire to stir. It is a kind of vague pretty romance, and we leave it alone. All the old families do that way.

Arthur Twain was a man of considerable note—a solicitor on the highway in William Rufus's time. At about the age of thirty he went to one of those fine old English places of resort called Newgate, to see about something, and never returned again. While there he died suddenly.

Augustus Twain seems to have made something of a stir about the year 1160. He was as full of fun as he could be, and used to take his old sabre and sharpen it *up*, and get in a convenient place on a dark night, and stick it through people as they went by, to see them jump. He was a born humorist. But he got to going too far with it; and the first time he was found stripping one of these parties the authorities removed one end of him, and put it up on a nice high place on Temple Bar, where it could contemplate the people and have a good time. He never liked any situation so much or stuck to it so long.

Then for the next two hundred years the family tree shows a succession of soldiers—noble high-

spirited fellows, who always went into battle singing, right behind the army, and always went out a-whooping, right ahead of it.

This is a scathing rebuke to old dead Froissart's poor witticism, that our family tree never had but one limb to it, and that that one stuck out at right angles, and bore fruit winter and summer.

Early in the fifteenth century we have Beau Twain, called "the Scholar." He wrote a beautiful hand. And he could imitate anybody's hand so closely that it was enough to make a person laugh his head off to see it. He had infinite sport with his talent. But by-and-by he took a contract to break stone for a road, and the roughness of the work spoiled his hand. Still, he enjoyed life all the time he was in the stone business, which with inconsiderable intervals, was some forty-two years. In fact, he died in harness. During all those long years he gave such satisfaction that he never was through with one contract a week till government gave him another. He was a perfect pet. And he was always a favourite with his fellow-artists, and was a conspicuous member of their benevolent secret society, called the Chain Gang. He always wore his hair short, had a preference for striped clothes, and died lamented by the government. He was a sore loss to his country, for he was so regular.

Some years later we have the illustrious John Morgan Twain. He came over to this country with Columbus in 1492 as a passenger. He appears to have been of a crusty uncomfortable disposition. He complained of the food all the way over, and was always threatening to go ashore unless there was a change. He wanted fresh shad. Hardly a day passed over his head that he did not go idling about the ship with his nose in the air, sneering about the commander, and saying he did not believe Columbus knew where he was going to or had ever been there before. The memorable cry of "Land ho!" thrilled every heart in the ship but his. He gazed a while through a piece of smoked glass at the pencilled line lying on the distant water, and then said, "Land be hanged! It's a raft!"

When this questionable passenger came on board the ship he brought nothing with him but an old newspaper containing a handkerchief marked "B. G.," one cotton sock marked "L. W. C.," one woollen one marked "D. F.," and a night-shirt marked "O. M. R." And yet during the voyage he worried more about his "trunk," and gave himself more airs about it than all the rest of the passengers put together. If the ship was "down by the head," and would not steer, he would go and move his "trunk" further aft, and then watch the effect. If

the ship was "by the stern," he would suggest to Columbus to detail some men to "shift that baggage." In storms he had to be gagged, because his wailings about his "trunk" made it impossible for the men to hear the orders. The man does not appear to have been openly charged with any gravely unbecoming thing, but it is noted in the ship's log as a "curious circumstance" that, albeit he brought his baggage on board the ship in a newspaper, he took it ashore in four trunks, a queensware crate, and a couple of champagne baskets. But when he came back insinuating, in an insolent swaggering way, that some of his things were missing, and was going to search the other passengers' baggage, it was too much, and they threw him overboard. They watched long and wonderfully for him to come up, but not even a bubble rose on the quietly-ebbing tide. But, while every one was most absorbed in gazing over the side and the interest was momentarily increasing, it was observed with consternation that the vessel was adrift and the anchor cable hanging limp from the bow. Then in the ship's dimmed and ancient log we find this quaint note:—

In time it was discovered y^t y^e troublesome passenger hadde gonne downe and got y^e anchor, and toke y^e same and solde it to y^e dam sauvages from y^e interior, saying y^t he hadde *founde* it, y^e sonne of a ghun.

Yet this ancestor had good and noble instincts,

and it is with pride that we call to mind the fact that he was the first white person who ever interested himself in the work of elevating and civilizing our Indians. He built a commodious jail, and put up a gallows, and to his dying day he claimed with satisfaction that he had had a more restraining and elevating influence on the Indians than any other reformer that ever laboured among them. At this point the chronicle becomes less frank and chatty, and closes abruptly by saying that the old voyager went to see his gallows perform on the first white man ever hanged in America, and while there received injuries which terminated in his death.

The great grandson of the "Reformer" flourished in sixteen hundred and something, and was known in our annals as "the old Admiral," though in history he had other titles. He was long in command of fleets of swift vessels, well armed and manned, and did great service in hurrying up merchantmen. Vessels which he followed and kept his eagle eye on always made good fair time across the ocean. But if a ship still loitered in spite of all he could do his indignation would grow till he could contain himself no longer—and then he would take that ship home where he lived and keep it there carefully, expecting the owners to come for it but they never did. And he would try

to get the idleness and sloth out of the sailors of that ship by compelling them to take invigorating exercise and a bath. He called it "walking a plank." All the pupils liked it. At any rate they never found any fault with it after trying it. When the owners were late coming for their ships, the Admiral always burned them, so that the insurance money should not be lost. At last this fine old tar was cut down in the fulness of his years and honours. And to her dying day his poor heart-broken widow believed that if he had been cut down fifteen minutes sooner he might have been resuscitated.

Charles Henry Twain lived during the latter part of the seventeenth century, and was a zealous and distinguished missionary. He converted sixteen thousand South Sea islanders, and taught them that a dog-tooth necklace and a pair of spectacles was not enough clothing to come to divine service in. His poor flock loved him very, very dearly; and when his funeral was over they got up in a body (and came out of the restaurant) with tears in their eyes, and saying one to another that he was a good tender missionary, and they wished they had some more of him.

PAH-GO-TO-WAH-WAH PUKKETEKEEWIS (Mighty-Hunter-with-a-Hogg-Eye) Twain adorned the middle of the eighteenth century, and aided General

Braddock with all his heart to resist the oppressor Washington. It was this ancestor who fired seventeen times at our Washington from behind a tree. So far the beautiful romantic narrative in the moral story-books is correct, but when that narrative goes on to say that at the seventeenth round the awe-stricken savage said solemnly that that man was being reserved by the Great Spirit for some mighty mission, and he dared not lift his sacrilegious rifle against him again, the narrative seriously impairs the integrity of history. What he *did* say was—

“It ain’t no (hic!) no use. ’At man’s so drunk he can’t stan’ still long enough for a man to hit him. I (hic!) I can’t ’ford to fool away any more am’nition on *him* !”

That was why he stopped at the seventeenth round, and it was a good, plain, matter-of-fact reason, too, and one that easily commends itself to us by the eloquent persuasive flavour of probability there is about it.

I always enjoyed the story-book narrative, but I felt a marring misgiving that every Indian at Braddock’s Defeat who fired at a soldier a couple of times (*two* easily grows to seventeen in a century), and missed him, jumped to the conclusion that the Great Spirit was reserving that soldier for some grand mission; and so I somehow feared that the

only reason why Washington's case is remembered and the others forgotten is, that in his the prophecy came true, and in that of the others it didn't. There are not books enough on earth to contain the record of the prophecies Indians and other unauthorised parties have *made*; but one may carry in his overcoat pockets the record of all the prophecies that have been *fulfilled*.

I will remark here, in passing, that certain ancestors of mine are so thoroughly well known in history by their *aliases* that I have not felt it to be worth while to dwell upon them, or even mention them in the order of their birth. Among these may be mentioned RICHARD BRINSLEY TWAIN, *alias* Guy Fawkes; JOHN WENTWORTH TWAIN, *alias* Sixteen-String Jack; WILLIAM HOGARTH TWAIN, *alias* Jack Sheppard; ANANIAS TWAIN, *alias* Baron Munchausen; JOHN GEORGE TWAIN, *alias* Capt. Kydd. And then there are George Francis Train, Tom Pepper, Nebuchadnezzor, and Baalam's Ass; they all belong to our family, but to a branch of it somewhat distantly removed from the honourable direct line—in fact a collateral branch, whose members chiefly differ from the ancient stock in that, in order to acquire the notoriety we have always yearned and hungered for, they have got into a low way of going to jail instead of getting hanged.

It is not well, when writing an autobiography, to follow your ancestry down too close to your own time—it is safest to speak only vaguely of your great-grandfather, and then skip from there to yourself, which I now do.

I was born without teeth—and there Richard III. had the advantage of me ; but I was born without a humpback likewise—and there I had the advantage of *him*. My parents were neither very poor nor conspicuously honest.

But now a thought occurs to me. My own history would really seem so tame contrasted with that of my ancestors that it is simply wisdom to leave it unwritten until I am hanged. If some other biographies I have read had stopped with the ancestry until a like event occurred it would have been a felicitous thing for the reading public. How does it strike *you* ?





MEMORANDA.

THESE Memoranda are not a "humorous" department. I would not conduct an exclusively and professedly humorous department for anyone. I would always prefer to have the privilege of printing a serious and sensible remark, in case one occurred to me, without the reader's feeling obliged to consider himself outraged. We cannot keep the same mood day after day. I am liable, some day, to want to print my opinion on jurisprudence, or Homeric poetry, or international law, and I shall do it. It will be of small consequence to me whether the reader survive or not. I shall never go straining after jokes when in a cheerless mood, so long as the unhackneyed subject of international law is open to me. I will leave all that straining to people who edit professedly and inexorably "humorous" departments and publications.

I have chosen the general title of Memoranda for this department, because it is plain and simple, and

makes no fraudulent promises. I can print under it statistics, hotel arrivals, or anything that comes handy, without violating faith with the reader.

Puns cannot be allowed a place in this department. Inoffensive ignorance, benignant stupidity, and unostentatious imbecility will always be welcomed and cheerfully accorded a corner, and even the feeblest humour will be admitted when we can do no better ; but no circumstances, however dismal, will ever be considered a sufficient excuse for the admission of that last and saddest evidence of intellectual poverty, the Pun.

M. T.





THE FACTS IN THE CASE OF THE GREAT BEEF CONTRACT.

IN as few words as possible I wish to lay before the nation what share, howsoever small, I have had in this matter—this matter which has so exercised the public mind, engendered so much ill-feeling, and so filled the newspapers of both continents with distorted statements and extravagant comments.

The origin of this distressful thing was this—and I assert here that every fact in the following *résumé* can be amply proved by the official records of the General Government:—

John Wilson Mackenzie, of Rotterdam, Chemung county, New Jersey, deceased, contracted with the General Government, on or about the 10th day of October, 1861, to furnish to General Sherman the sum total of thirty barrels of beef.

Very well.

He started after Sherman with the beef, but when he got to Washington Sherman had gone to Manassas; so he took the beef and followed him there, but arrived too late; he followed him to

Nashville, and from Nashville to Chattanooga, and from Chattanooga to Atlanta—but he never could overtake him. At Atlanta he took a fresh start and followed him clear through his march to the sea. He arrived too late again by a few days; but hearing that Sherman was going out in the *Quaker City* excursion to the Holy Land, he took shipping for Beirut, calculating to head off the other vessel. When he arrived in Jerusalem with his beef, he learned that Sherman had not sailed in the *Quaker City*, but had gone to the Plains to fight the Indians. He returned to America, and started for the Rocky Mountains. After eighteen days of arduous travel on the Plains, and when he had got within four miles of Sherman's head-quarters, he was tomahawked and scalped, and the Indians got the beef. They got all of it but one barrel. Sherman's army captured that, and so, even in death, the bold navigator partly fulfilled his contract. In his will, which he had kept like a journal, he bequeathed the contract to his son Bartholomew W. Bartholomew W. made out the following bill and then died.

THE UNITED STATES

<i>In acct. with</i> JOHN WILSON MACKENZIE, of New Jersey, deceased,		-	-	Dr.
To thirty barrels of beef for General Sherman,				
a \$100	-	-	-	\$3,000
To travelling expenses and transportation				14,000
Total		-	-	\$17,000
Rec'd Pay't.				

He died then ; but he left the contract to Wm. J. Martin, who tried to collect it, but died before he got through. *He* left it to Barker J. Allen, and he tried to collect it also. He did not survive. Barker J. Allen left it to Anson G. Rogers, who attempted to collect it, and got along as far as the Ninth Auditor's Office, when Death, the great Leveller, came all unsummoned, and foreclosed on *him* also. He left the bill to a relative of his in Connecticut, Vengeance Hopkins by name, who lasted four weeks and two days, and made the best time on record, coming within one of reaching the Twelfth Auditor. In his will he gave the contract bill to his uncle, by the name of O-be-joyful Johnson. It was too undermining for Joyful. His last words were: "Weep not for me—I am willing to go." And so he was poor soul. Seven people inherited the contract after that ; but they all died. So it came into my hands at last. It fell to me through a relative by the name of Hubbard—Bethlehem Hubbard, of Indiana. He had had a grudge against me for a long time ; but in his last moments he sent for me, and forgave me everything, and weeping gave me the beef contract.

This ends the history of it up to the time that I succeeded to the property. I will now endeavour to set myself straight before the nation in everything that concerns my share in the matter. I took this

beef contract, and the bill for mileage and transportation, to the President of the United States.

He said, "Well, sir, what can I do for you?"

I said, "Sire, on or about the 10th day of October, 1861, John Wilson Mackenzie, of Rotterdam, Chemung county, New Jersey, deceased, contracted with the General Government to furnish to General Sherman the sum total of thirty barrels of beef—"

He stopped me there, and dismissed me from his presence—kindly, but firmly. The next day I called on the Secretary of State.

He said, "Well, sir?"

I said, "Your Royal Highness: on or about the 10th day of October, 1861, John Wilson Mackenzie, of Rotterdam, Chemung county, New Jersey, deceased, contracted with the General Government to furnish to General Sherman the sum total of thirty barrels of beef—"

"That will do, sir—that will do; this office has nothing to do with contracts for beef."

I was bowed out. I thought the matter all over, and finally, the following day, I visited the Secretary of the Navy, who said—"Speak quickly, sir; do not keep me waiting."

I said, "Your Royal Highness, on or about the 10th day of October, 1861, John Wilson Mackenzie, of Rotterdam, Chemung county, New Jersey, de-

ceased, contracted with the General Government to furnish to General Sherman the sum total of thirty barrels of beef—”

Well, it was as far as I could get. *He* had nothing to do with beef contracts for General Sherman either. I began to think it was a curious kind of a Government. It looks somewhat as if they wanted to get out of paying for that beef. The following day I went to the Secretary of the Interior.

I said, “Your Imperial Highness, on or about the 10th day of October—”

“That is sufficient, sir. I have heard of you before. Go, take your infamous beef contract out of this establishment. The Interior Department has nothing whatever to do with subsistence for the army.”

I went away. But I was exasperated now. I said I would haunt them; I would infest every department of this iniquitous Government till that contract business was settled. I would collect that bill, or fall as fell my predecessors, trying. I assailed the Postmaster-General; I besieged the Agricultural Department; I waylaid the Speaker of the House of Representatives. *They* had nothing to do with Army contracts for beef. I moved upon the Commissioner of the Patent Office.

I said, “Your August Excellency, on or about—”

“Perdition! have you got *here* with your

incendiary beef contract, at last? We have *nothing* to do with beef contracts for the army, my dear sir."

"Oh, that is all very well—but *somebody* has got to pay for that beef. It has got to be paid *now*, too, or I'll confiscate this old Patent Office and everything in it."

"But, my dear sir—"

"It don't make any difference, sir. The Patent Office is liable for that beef, I reckon; and, liable or not liable, the Patent Office has got to pay for it."

Never mind the details. It ended in a fight. The Patent Office won. But I found out something to my advantage. I was told that the Treasury Department was the proper place for me to go to. I went there. I waited two hours-and-a-half, and then I was admitted to the First Lord of the Treasury.

I said, "Most noble, grave, and reverend Signor, on or about the 10th day of October, 1861, John Wilson Macken—"

"That is sufficient, sir. I have heard of you. Go to the First Auditor of the Treasury."

I did so. He sent me to the Second Auditor. The Second Auditor sent me to the Third, and the Third sent me to the First Comptroller of the Corn-Beef Division. This began to look like

business. He examined his books and all his loose papers, but found no minute of the beef contract. I went to the Second Comptroller of the Corn-Beef Division. He examined his books and his loose papers, but with no success. I was encouraged. During that week I got as far as the Sixth Comptroller in that division; the next week I got through the Claims Department; the third week I began and completed the Mislaid Contracts Department, and got a foothold in the Dead Reckoning Department. I finished that in three days. There was only one place left for it now. I laid siege to the Commissioner of Odds and Ends. To his clerk, rather—he was not there himself. There were sixteen beautiful young ladies in the room, writing in books, and there were seven well-favoured young clerks showing them how. The young women smiled up over their shoulders, and the clerks smiled back at them, and all went merry as a marriage bell. Two or three clerks that were reading the newspapers looked at me rather hard, but went on reading, and nobody said anything. However, I had been used to this kind of alacrity from Fourth-Assistant-Junior Clerks all through my eventful career, from the very day I entered the first office of the Corn-Beef Bureau clear till I passed out of the last one in the Dead Reckoning Division. I had got so accomplished by this time

that I could stand on one foot from the moment I entered an office till a clerk spoke to me, without changing more than two, or maybe three times.

So I stood there till I had changed four different times. Then I said to one of the clerks who was reading—

“Illustrious Vagrant, where is the Grand Turk?”

“What do you mean, sir? Whom do you mean? If you mean the Chief of the Bureau, he is out.”

“Will he visit the harem to-day?”

The young man glared upon me a while, and then went on reading his paper. But I knew the ways of those clerks. I knew I was safe if he got through before another New York mail arrived. He only had two more papers left. After a while he finished them, and then he yawned and asked me what I wanted.

“Renowned and honoured Imbecile: On or about—”

“You are the beet contract man. Give me your papers.”

He took them, and for a long time he ransacked his odds and ends. Finally he found the North-West Passage, as I regarded it—he found the long-lost record of that beef contract—he found the rock upon which so many of my ancestors had split before they ever got to it. I was deeply moved. And yet I rejoiced—for I had survived. I said

with emotion, "Give it me. The Government will settle now." He waved me back, and said there was something yet to be done first.

"Where is this John Wilson Mackenzie?" said he.

"Dead."

"When did he die?"

"He didn't die at all—he was killed."

"How?"

"Tomahawked."

"Who tomahawked him?"

"Why, an Indian, of course. You didn't suppose it was a superintendent of a Sunday school, did you?"

"No. An Indian, was it?"

"The same."

"Name of the Indian?"

"His name? I don't know his name."

"*Must* have his name. Who saw the tomahawking done?"

"I don't know."

"You were not present yourself, then?"

"Which you can see by my hair. I was absent."

"Then how do you know that Mackenzie is dead?"

"Because he certainly died at that time, and I have every reason to believe that he has been dead ever since. I *know* he has, in fact."

"We must have proofs. Have you got the Indian?"

"Of course not."

"Well, you must get him. Have you got the tomahawk?"

"I never thought of such a thing."

"You must get the tomahawk. You must produce the Indian and the tomahawk. If Mackenzie's death can be proven by these, you can then go before the commission appointed to audit claims with some show of getting your bill under such headway that your children may possibly live to receive the money and enjoy it. But that man's death *must* be proven. However, I may as well tell you that the Government will never pay that transportation and those travelling expenses of the lamented Mackenzie. It *may* possibly pay for the barrel of beef that Sherman's soldiers captured, if you can get a relief bill through Congress making an appropriation for that purpose; but it will not pay for the twenty-nine barrels the Indians ate."

"Then there is only a hundred dollars due me, and *that* isn't certain! After all Mackenzie's travels in Europe, Asia, and America with that beef; after all his trials and tribulations and transportation; after the slaughter of all those innocents that tried to collect that bill! Young man, why didn't the First Comptroller of the Corn-Beef Division tell me this?"

"He didn't know anything about the genuineness of your claim."

"Why didn't the Second tell me? why didn't the Third? why didn't all those divisions and departments tell me?"

"None of them knew. We do things by routine here. You have followed the routine and found out what you wanted to know. It is the best way. It is the only way. It is very regular, and very slow, but it is very certain."

"Yes, certain death. It has been, to the most of our tribe. I begin to feel that I, too, am called. Young man, you love the bright creature yonder with the gentle blue eyes and the steel pens behind her ears—I see it in your soft glances; you wish to marry her—but you are poor. Here, hold out your hand—here is the beef contract; go, take her and be happy! Heaven bless you, my children!"

This is all I know about the great beef contract that has created so much talk in the community. The clerk to whom I bequeathed it died. I know nothing further about the contract, or any one connected with it. I only know that if a man lives long enough he can trace a thing through the Circumlocation Office of Washington, and find out, after much labour and trouble and delay, that which he could have found out on the first day if the business of the Circumlocation Office were as ingeniously systematized as it would be if it were a great private mercantile institution.



MARK TWAIN'S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH ARTEMUS WARD.

IHAD never seen him before. He brought letters of introduction from mutual friends in San Francisco, and by invitation I breakfasted with him.

It was almost religion, there in the silver mines, to precede such a meal with whiskey cocktails.

Artemus, with the true cosmopolitan instinct, always deferred to the customs of the country he was in, and so he ordered three of those abominations.

Hingston was present.

I am a match for nearly any beverage you can mention except a whiskey cocktail, and therefore I said I would rather not drink one.

I said it would go right to my head and confuse me so that I would be in a helpless tangle in ten minutes.

I did not want to act like a lunatic before strangers.

But Artemus gently insisted, and I drank the treasonable mixture under protest, and felt all the time that I was doing a thing I might be sorry for.

In a minute or two I began to imagine that my ideas were clouded.

I waited in great anxiety for the conversation to open, with a sort of vague hope that my understanding would prove clear, after all, and my misgivings groundless.

Artemus dropped an unimportant remark or two, and then assumed a look of superhuman earnestness, and made the following astounding speech.

He said:—

“Now, there is one thing I ought to ask you about before I forget it. You have been here in Silverland—here in Nevada—two or three years, and, of course, your position on the daily press has made it necessary for you to go down in the mines and examine them carefully in detail, and therefore you know all about the silver-mining business. Now, what I want to get at is—is, well, the way the deposits of ore are made, you know. For instance. Now, as I understand it, the vein which contains the silver is sandwiched in between castings of granite, and runs along the ground, and sticks up like a curb-stone.

"Well, take a vein forty feet thick, for example, or eighty, for that matter, or even a hundred,—say you go down on it with a shaft, straight down, you know, or with what you call the 'inclines,' maybe you go down five hundred feet, or maybe you don't go down but two hundred, anyway, you go down, and all the time this vein grows narrower, when the castings come nearer or approach each other, you may say, that is when they do approach, which of course they do not always do, particularly in cases where the nature of the formation is such that they stand apart wider than they otherwise would, and which geology has failed to account for, although everything in that science goes to prove that all things being equal, it would if it did not, or would not certainly if it did, and then of course they are. Do not you think it is?"

I said to myself:—

"Now I just knew how it would be,—that cussed whiskey cocktail has done the business for me; I don't understand any more than a clam."

And then I said aloud,—

"I—I—that is—if you don't mind, would you—would you say that over again? I ought—"

"Oh, certainly, certainly! You see I am very unfamiliar with the subject, and perhaps I don't present my case clearly, but I—"

"No, no—no, no—you state it plain enough, but

that vile cocktail has muddled me a little. But I will,—no, I do understand, for that matter ; but I would get the hang of it all the better if you went over it again, and I'll pay better attention this time."

He said, " Why, what I was after, was this : "

[Here he became even more fearfully impressive than ever, and emphasised each particular point by checking it off on his finger ends.]

" This vein, or lode, or ledge, or whatever you call it, runs along between two layers of granite, just the same as if it were a sandwich. Very well. Now, suppose you go down on that, say a thousand feet, or maybe twelve hundred (it don't really matter), before you drift ; and then you start your drifts, some of them across the ledge, and others along the length of it, where the sulphurets—I believe they call them sulphurets, though why they should, considering that, so far as I can see, the main dependence of a miner does not so lie, as some suppose, but in which it cannot be successfully maintained, wherein the same should not continue, while part and parcel of the same ore not committed to either in the sense referred to, whereas, under different circumstances, the most inexperienced among us could not detect it if it were, or might overlook it if it did, or scorn the very idea of such a thing, even though it were palpably demonstrated as such. Am I not right ? "

I said, sorrowfully : "I feel ashamed of myself, Mr. Ward. I know I ought to understand you perfectly well, but you see that infernal whiskey cocktail has got into my head, and now I cannot understand even the simplest proposition. I told you how it would be."

"O, don't mind it, don't mind it; the fault was my own, no doubt,—though I did think it clear enough for—"

"Don't say a word. Clear! Why, you stated it as clear as the sun to anybody but an abject idiot, but it's that confounded cocktail that has played the mischief."

"No, now don't say that. I'll begin it all over again, and—"

"Don't now,—for goodness' sake, don't do anything of the kind, because I tell you my head is in such a condition that I don't believe I could understand the most trifling question a man could ask me."

"Now don't you be afraid. I'll put it so plain this time that you can't help but get the hang of it. We will begin at the very beginning." [Leaning far across the table, with determined impressiveness wrought upon his every feature, and fingers prepared to keep tally of each point as enumerated; and I, leaning forward with painful interest, resolved to comprehend or perish.] "You

know the vein, the ledge, the thing that contains the metal, whereby it constitutes the medium between all other forces, whether of present or remote agencies, so brought to bear in favour of the former against the latter, or the latter against the former, or all, or both, or compromising as possible the relative differences existing within the radius whence culminate the several degrees of similarity to which—”

“I said: “O, blame my wooden head, it ain’t any use!—it ain’t any use to try,—I can’t understand anything. The plainer you get it the more I can’t get the hang of it.”

I heard a suspicious noise behind me, and turned in time to see Hingston dodging behind a newspaper, and quaking with a gentle ecstasy of laughter.

I looked at Ward again, and he had thrown off his dread solemnity and was laughing also.

Then I saw that I had been sold,—that I had been made the victim of a swindle in the way of a string of plausibly worded sentences that didn’t mean anything under the sun.

Artemus Ward was one of the best fellows in the world, and one of the most companionable.

It has been said that he was not fluent in conversation, but, with the above experience in my mind, I differ.



BAKER'S CAT.

(The following is a Californian Story.)



WHENEVER Dick Baker, of Deadhorse Gulch, was out of luck, and a little downhearted, he would fall to mourning over the loss of a wonderful cat he used to own (for where women and children are not, men of kindly impulse take up with pets, for they must love something). And he always spoke of the strange sagacity of that cat with the air of a man who believed in his secret heart that there was something human about it—maybe even supernatural.

I heard him talking about this animal once. He said, "Gentlemen, I used to have a cat here, by the name of Tom Quartz, which you'd a took an interest in, I reckon—most anybody would. I had him here eight years, and he was the remarkablest cat I ever see. He was a large grey one of the Tom specie, and he had more hard natural sense than any man in his camp, and a power of dignity; he

wouldn't let the Guv'nor of California be familiar with him. He never ketched a rat in his life—'peared to be above it. He never cared for nothing but mining. He knowed more about mining, that cat did, than any man I ever see. You couldn't tell him nothing about placer digging, and, as for pocket mining, why, he was just born for it. He would dig out after me and Jim when we went over the hill's prospecting, and he would trot along behind us for as much as five miles, if we went so far. And he had the best judgment about mining ground: why, you never see anything like it. When we went to work he'd scatter a glance around, and if he didn't think much of the indications he would give a look as to say, 'Well, I'll have to get you to excuse me;' and, without another word, he'd hyste his nose into the air and shove for home. But if the ground suited him he would lay low and keep dark till the first pan was washed, and then he would sidle up and take a look, and if there was about six or seven grains of gold he was satisfied (he didn't want no better prospect 'n that), and then he would lay down on our coats and snore like a steamboat till we'd struck the pocket, and then get up and superintend.

"Well, by-and-by up comes this quartz excitement, and everybody was into it; everybody was picking and blasting instead of shovelling dirt on the hill-

side; everybody was putting down a shaft instead of scraping the surface. Nothing would do, Jim, but we must tackle the ledges too, and so we did. We commenced putting down a shaft, and Tom Quartz he began to wonder what in the Dickens it was all about. He hadn't ever seen any mining like that before, and he was all upset, as you may say; he couldn't come to a right understanding of it no way; it was too many for him. He was down on it, too, you bet you; he was down on it powerful, and always appeared to consider it the cussedest foolishness out. But that cat, you know, he was always agin newfangled arrangements; somehow he could never abide 'em. You know how it is with old habit. But, by-and-by, Tom Quartz began to get sort of reconciled a little, though he never could altogether understand that eternal sinking of a shaft and never panning out anything. At last he got to coming down in the shaft himself to try to cypher it out. And when he'd got the blues, and feel kind o' scruffy, aggravated, and disgusted—knowing, as he did, that the bills was running up all the time, and we warn't making a cent—he would curl up on a gunny sack in the corner and go to sleep. Well, one day when the shaft was down about eight foot the rock got so hard that we had to put in a blast—the first blasting we'd ever done since Tom Quartz was born.

“And then we lit the fuse, and clumb out, and got off about fifty yards, and forgot and left Tom Quartz sound asleep on the gunny sack. In about a minute we seen a puff of smoke burst up out of the hole, and then everything let go with an awful crash, and about four million tons of rock, and dirt, and smoke, and splinters shot up about a mile-and-a-half into the air ; and, by George, right in the midst of it was old Tom Quartz going end over end, and a-snorting, and a-sneezing, and a-clawing, and a-reaching for things like all possessed. But it warn’t no use, you know ; it warn’t no use. And that was the last we see of him for about two minutes and a half, and then all of a sudden it begin to rain rocks and rubbage, and directly he come down ker whop about ten foot off from where we stood. Well, I reckon he was p’raps the orneriest-looking beast you ever see. One ear was sot back on his neck, and his tail was stove up, and his eye-winkers was singed off, and he was all blacked up with powder and smoke, and all sloppy with mud and slush from one end to the other. Well, sir, it warn’t no use to try to apologise ; we couldn’t say a word. He took a sort of a disgusted look at hisself, and then he looked at us ; and it was just exactly the same as if he had said, ‘Gents, may be you think it’s smart to take advantage of a cat that ain’t had no experience in quartz-mining, but

I think different !' and then he turned on his heel, and marched off home, without ever saying another word.

"That was jest his style. And may be you won't believe it; but after that you never see a cat so prejudiced against quartz-mining as what he was. And by-and-by, when he did get to going down in the shaft agin, you'd a been astonished at his sagacity. The minute we'd touch off a blast and the fuse 'd begin to sizzle, he'd give a look as much as to say, 'Well, I'll have to get you to excuse me;' and it was surprising the way he'd run out of that hole and go for a tree.

"Sagacity? It ain't no name for it. 'Twas inspiration!"

I said, "Well, Mr. Baker, this prejudice against quartz-mining was remarkable, considering how he came by it. Couldn't you ever cure him of it?"

"Cure him? No. When Tom Quartz was sot once he was always sot, and you might a blowed him up as much as three million times, and you'd never a broke him of his cussed prejudice agin quartz-mining."

The affection and the pride that lit up Baker's face when he delivered this tribute to the firmness of his humble friend of other days will always be a vivid memory with me.



THE STORY OF THE GOOD LITTLE BOY WHO DID NOT PROSPER.

[The following has been written at the instance of several literary friends, who thought that, if the history of "The Bad Little Boy who Did not Come to Grief," (a moral sketch which I published five or six years ago), was worthy of preservation several weeks in print, a fair and unprejudiced companion-piece to it would deserve a similar immortality.]

ONCE there was a good little boy by the name of Jacob Blivens. He always obeyed his parents, no matter how absurd and unreasonable their demands were; and he always learned his book, and never was late at Sabbath School. He would not play hookey, even when his sober judgment told him it was the most profitable thing he could do. None of the other boys could ever make that boy out, he acted so strangely. He wouldn't lie, no matter how convenient it was. He just said it was wrong to lie, and that was sufficient

for him. And he was so honest that he was simply ridiculous. The curious ways that that Jacob had surpassed everything. He wouldn't play marbles on Sunday, he wouldn't rob birds' nests, he wouldn't give hot pennies to organ-grinders' monkeys; he didn't seem to take any interest in any kind of rational amusement. So the other boys used to try to reason it out and come to an understanding of him, but they couldn't arrive at any satisfactory conclusion. As I said before, they could only figure out a sort of vague idea that he was "afflicted," and so they took him under their protection, and never allowed any harm to come to him.

This good little boy read all the Sunday School books; they were his greatest delight. This was the whole secret of it. He believed in the good little boys they put in the Sunday School books; he had every confidence in them. He longed to come across one of them alive, once; but he never did. They all died before his time, maybe. Whenever he read about a particularly good one, he turned over quickly to the end to see what became of him, because he wanted to travel thousands of miles and gaze on him; but it wasn't any use; that good little boy always died in the last chapter, and there was a picture of the funeral, with all his relations and the Sunday School children standing

around the grave in pantaloons that were too short, and bonnets that were too large, and everybody crying into handkerchiefs that had as much as a yard and a half of stuff in them. He was always headed off in this way. He never could see one of those good little boys on account of his always dying in the last chapter.

Jacob had a noble ambition to be put in a Sunday-school book. He wanted to be put in, with pictures representing him gloriously declining to lie to his mother, and her weeping for joy about it ; and pictures representing him standing on the doorstep giving a penny to a poor beggar-woman with six children, and telling her to spend it freely, but not to be extravagant, because extravagance is a sin ; and pictures of him magnanimously refusing to tell on the bad boy who always lay in wait for him around the corner as he came from school, and welted him over the head with a lath, and then chased him home saying, "Hi! hi!" as he proceeded. That was the ambition of young Jacob Blivens. He wished to be put in a Sunday-school book. It made him feel a little uncomfortable sometimes when he reflected that the good little boys always died. He loved to live, you know, and this was the most unpleasant feature about being a Sunday-school-book boy. He knew it was not healthy to be good. He knew it was more fatal than con-

sumption to be so supernaturally good as the boys in the books were; he knew that none of them had ever been able to stand it long, and it pained him to think that if they put him in a book he wouldn't ever see it, or even if they did get the book out before he died it wouldn't be popular without any picture of his funeral in the back part of it. It couldn't be much of a Sunday-school book that couldn't tell about the advice he gave to the community when he was dying. So at last, of course, he had to make up his mind to do the best he could under the circumstances—to live right, and hang on as long as he could, and have his dying speech all ready when his time came

But somehow nothing ever went right with this good little boy; nothing ever turned out with him the way it turned out with the good little boys in the books. They always had a good time, and the bad boys had the broken legs; but in his case there was a screw loose somewhere, and it all happened just the other way. When he found Jim Blake stealing apples, and went under the tree to read to him about the bad little boy who fell out of a neighbour's apple-tree and broke his arm, Jim fell out of the tree too, but he fell on *him*, and broke *his* arm, and Jim wasn't hurt at all. Jacob couldn't understand that. There wasn't anything in the books like it.

And once, when some bad boys pushed a blind man over in the mud, and Jacob ran to help him up and receive his blessing, the blind man did not give him any blessing at all, but whacked him over the head with his stick and said he would like to catch him shoving *him* again, and then pretending to help him up. This was not in accordance with any of the books. Jacob looked them all over to see.

One thing that Jacob wanted to do was to find a lame dog that hadn't any place to stay, and was hungry and persecuted, and bring him home and pet him and have that dog's imperishable gratitude. And at last he found one and was happy ; and he brought him home and fed him, but when he was going to pet him the dog flew at him and tore all the clothes off him except those that were in front, and made a spectacle of him that was astonishing. He examined authorities, but he could not understand the matter. It was of the same breed of dogs that was in the books, but it acted very differently. Whatever this boy did he got into trouble. The very things the boys in the books got rewarded for turned out to be about the most unprofitable things he could invest in.

Once when he was on his way to Sunday school he saw some bad boys starting off pleasuring in a sail-boat. He was filled with consternation,

because he knew from his reading that boys who went sailing on Sunday invariably got drowned. So he ran out on a raft to warn them, but a log turned with him and slid him into the river. A man got him out pretty soon, and the doctor pumped the water out of him, and gave him a fresh start with his bellows, but he caught cold and lay sick a-bed nine weeks. But the most unaccountable thing about it was that the bad boys in the boat had a good time all day, and then reached home alive and well in the most surprising manner. Jacob Blivens said there was nothing like these things in the books. He was perfectly dumb-founded.

When he got well he was a little discouraged, but he resolved to keep on trying anyhow. He knew that so far his experiences wouldn't do to go in a book, but he hadn't yet reached the allotted term of life for good little boys, and he hoped to be able to make a record yet if he could hold on till his time was fully up. If everything else failed he had his dying speech to fall back on.

He examined his authorities, and found that it was now time for him to go to sea as a cabin boy. He called on a ship captain and made his application, and when the captain asked for his recommendations he proudly drew out a tract and pointed to the words, "To Jacob Blivens, from his affec-

tionate teacher." But the captain was a coarse vulgar man, and he said, "Oh, that be blowed! *that* wasn't any proof that he knew how to wash dishes or handle a slush-bucket, and he guessed he didn't want him." This was altogether the most extraordinary thing that ever happened to Jacob in all his life. A compliment from a teacher, on a tract, had never failed to move the tenderest emotions of ship captains, and open the way to all offices of honour and profit in their gift—it never had in any book that ever *he* had read. He could hardly believe his senses.

This boy always had a hard time of it. Nothing ever came out according to the authorities, with him. At last, one day, when he was around hunting up bad little boys to admonish, he found a lot of them in the old iron foundry fixing up a little joke on fourteen or fifteen dogs, which they had tied together in long procession, and were going to ornament with empty nitro-glycerine cans made fast to their tails. Jacob's heart was touched. He sat down on one of those cans (for he never minded grease when duty was before him), and he took hold of the foremost dog by the collar, and turned his reproving eye upon wicked Tom Jones. But just at that moment Alderman McWelter, full of wrath, stepped in. All the bad boys ran away, but Jacob Blivens rose in conscious innocence, and

began one of those stately little Sunday-School-book speeches which always commence with "Oh, sir!" in dead opposition to the fact that no boy, good or bad, ever starts a remark with "Oh, sir!" But the alderman never waited to hear the rest. He took Jacob Blivens by the ear and turned him around, and hit him a whack in the rear with the flat of his hand; and in an instant that good little boy shot out through the roof, and soared away towards the sun, with the fragments of those fifteen dogs stringing after him like the tail or a kite. And there wasn't a sign of that alderman or that old iron foundry left on the face of the earth; and as for young Jacob Blivens, he never got a chance to make his last dying speech after all his trouble of fixing it up, unless he made it to the birds; because, although the bulk of him came down all right in a tree-top in an adjoining county, the rest of him was apportioned around among four townships, and so they had to hold five inquests on him to find out whether he was dead or not, and how it occurred. You never saw a boy scattered so.

Thus perished the good little boy who did the best he could, but didn't come out according to the books. Every boy who ever did as he did prospered except him. His case is truly remarkable. It will probably never be accounted for.



STORY OF THE BAD LITTLE BOY.

ONCE there was a bad little boy whose name was Jim—though, if you will notice, you will find that bad little boys are nearly always called James in your Sunday School books. It was very strange, but still it was true that this one was called Jim.

He didn't have any sick mother either—a sick mother who was pious and had the consumption, and would be glad to lie down in the grave and be at rest but for the strong love she bore her boy, and the anxiety she felt that the world would be harsh and cold towards him when she was gone. Most bad boys in the Sunday books are named James, and have sick mothers, who teach them to say, "Now, I lay me down," etc., and sing them to sleep with sweet plaintive voices, and then kiss them good-night, and kneel down by the bedside and weep. But it was different with this fellow. He was named Jim, and there wasn't anything the

matter with his mother—no consumption, nor anything of that kind. She was rather stout than otherwise, and she was not pious; moreover, she was not anxious on Jim's account. She said if he were to break his neck it wouldn't be much loss. She always spanked Jim to sleep, and she never kissed him good-night; on the contrary, she boxed his ears when she was ready to leave him.

Once this little bad boy stole the key of the pantry, and slipped in there and helped himself to some jam, and filled up the vessel with tar, so that his mother would never know the difference: but all at once a terrible feeling didn't come over him, and something didn't seem to whisper to him, "Is it right to disobey my mother? Isn't it sinful to do this? Where do bad little boys go who gobble up their good, kind mother's jam?" and then he didn't kneel down all alone and promise never to be wicked any more, and rise up with a light happy heart, and go and tell his mother all about it, and beg her forgiveness, and be blessed by her with tears of pride and thankfulness in her eyes. No; that is the way with all other bad boys in the books; but it happened otherwise with this Jim, strangely enough. He ate that jam, and said it was bully, in his sinful vulgar way; and he put in the tar, and said that was bully also, and laughed, and observed, "that the old woman would get up

and snort " when she found it out ; and when she did find it out he denied knowing anything about it ; and she whipped him severely, and he did the crying himself. Everything about this boy was curious—everything turned out differently with him from the way it does to the bad Jameses in the books.

Once he climbed up in Farmer Acorn's apple tree to steal apples, and the limb didn't break, and he didn't fall and break his arm, and get torn by the farmer's great dog, and then languish on a sick bed for weeks, and repent and become good. Oh ! no ; he stole as many apples as he wanted, and came down all right ; and he was all ready for the dog too, and knocked him endways with a rock when he came to tear him. It was very strange—nothing like it ever happened in those mild little books with marbled backs, and with pictures in them of men with swallow-tailed coats and bell-crowned hats, and pantaloons that are short in the legs, and women with the waists of their dresses under their arms and no hoops on. Nothing like it in any of the Sunday School books.

Once he stole the teacher's penknife, and, when he was afraid it would be found out and he would get whipped, he slipped it into George Wilson's cap—poor Widow Wilson's son, the moral boy, the good little boy of the village, who always obeyed

his mother, and never told an untruth, and was fond of his lessons and infatuated with Sunday School. And when the knife dropped from the cap, and poor George hung his head and blushed, as if in conscious guilt, and the grieved teacher charged the theft upon him, and was just in the very act of bringing the switch down upon his trembling shoulders, a white-haired improbable justice of the peace did not suddenly appear in their midst and strike an attitude and say, "Spare this noble boy—there stands the cowering culprit! I was passing the school door at recess, and, unseen myself, I saw the theft committed!" And then Jim didn't get whaled, and the venerable justice didn't read the tearful school a homily, and take George by the hand and say such a boy deserved to be exalted, and then tell him to come and make his home with him, and sweep out the office and make fires, and run errands, and chop wood, and study law, and help his wife to do household labours, and have all the balance of the time to play, and get forty cents a month, and be happy. No! it would have happened that way in the books, but it didn't happen that way to Jim. No meddling old clam of a justice dropped in to make trouble, and so the mode! boy George got thrashed, and Jim was glad of it, because, you know, Jim hated moral boys. Jim said he was "down on the milksops." Such

was the coarse language of this bad neglected boy. But the strangest thing that ever happened to Jim was the time he went boating on Sunday and didn't get drowned, and that other time that he got caught out in the storm when he was fishing on Sunday and didn't get struck by lightning. Why, you might look, and look, and look through the Sunday School books from now till next Christmas, and you would never come across anything like this. Oh! no; you would find that all the bad boys who go boating on Sunday invariably get drowned; and all the bad boys who get caught out in storms when they are fishing on Sunday infallibly get struck by lightning. Boats with bad boys in them always upset on Sunday, and it always storms when bad boys go fishing on the Sabbath. How this Jim ever escaped is a mystery to me.

This Jim bore a charmed life—that must have been the way of it. Nothing could hurt him. He even gave the elephant in the menagerie a plug of tobacco, and the elephant didn't knock the top of his head off with his trunk. He browsed around the cupboard after essence of peppermint, and didn't make a mistake and drink *aqua fortis*. He stole his father's gun and went hunting on the Sabbath, and didn't shoot three or four of his fingers off. He struck his little sister on the temple with his fist when he was angry, and she didn't

linger in pain through long summer days, and die with sweet words of forgiveness upon her lips that redoubled the anguish of his breaking heart. No; she got over it. He ran off and went to sea at last, and didn't come back and find himself sad and alone in the world, his loved ones sleeping in the quiet churchyard, and the vine-embowered home of his boyhood tumbled down and gone to decay. Ah! no; he came home drunk as a piper, and got into the station-house the first thing.

And he grew up and married, and raised a large family, and brained them all with an axe one night, and got wealthy by all manner of cheating and rascality; and now he is the infernaldest wickedest scoundrel in his native village, and is universally respected and belongs to the Legislature.

So you see there never was a bad James in the Sunday-School books that had such a streak of luck as this sinful Jim with the charmed life.

SODA-WATER.



MARK TWAIN thinks that soda-water is not reliable for a steady drink. It is too gassy. The next morning after drinking thirty-eight bottles he found himself full of gas and as tight as a balloon. He hadn't an article of clothing that he could wear except his umbrella.



HOW I EDITED AN AGRICULTURAL PAPER ONCE.



DID not take the temporary editorship of an agricultural paper without misgivings. Neither would a landsman take command of a ship without misgivings. But I was in circumstances that made the salary an object. The regular editor of the paper was going off for a holiday, and I accepted the terms he offered, and took his place.

The sensation of being at work again was luxurious, and I wrought all the week with unflagging pleasure. We went to press, and I waited a day with some solicitude to see whether my effort was going to attract any notice. As I left the office, towards sundown, a group of men and boys at the foot of the stairs dispersed with one impulse, and gave me passage-way, and I heard one or two of them say: "That's him!" I was naturally pleased by this incident. The next morning I found a similar group

at the foot of the stairs, and scattered couples and individuals standing here and there in the street, and over the way, watching me with interest. The group separated and fell back as I approached, and I heard a man say, "Look at his eye!" I pretended not to observe the notice I was attracting, but secretly I was pleased with it, and was purposing to write an account of it to my aunt. I went up the short flight of stairs, and heard cheery voices and a ringing laugh as I drew near the door, which I opened, and caught a glimpse of two young rural-looking men, whose faces blanched and lengthened when they saw me, and then they both plunged through the window with a great crash. I was surprised.

In about half an hour an old gentleman, with a flowing beard and a fine but rather austere face, entered, and sat down at my invitation. He seemed to have something on his mind. He took off his hat and set it on the floor, and got out of it a red silk handkerchief and a copy of our paper.

He put the paper on his lap, and while he polished his spectacles with his handkerchief, he said, "Are you the new editor?"

I said I was.

"Have you ever edited an agricultural paper before?"

"No," I said; "this is my first attempt."

"Very likely. Have you had any experience in agriculture practically?"

"No, I believe I have not."

"Some instinct told me so," said the old gentleman, putting on his spectacles and looking over them at me with asperity, while he folded his paper into a convenient shape. "I wish to read you what must have made me have that instinct. It was this editorial. Listen, and see if it was you that wrote it:—

"'Turnips should never be pulled, it injures them. It is much better to send a boy up and let him shake the tree.'

"Now, what do you think of that?—for I really suppose you wrote it?"

"Think of it? Why, I think it is good. I think it is sense. I have no doubt that every year millions and millions of bushels of turnips are spoiled in this township alone by being pulled in a half-ripe condition, when, if they had sent a boy up to shake the tree——"

"Shake your grandmother! Turnips don't grow on trees!"

"Oh, they don't, don't they? Well, who said they did? The language was intended to be figurative, wholly figurative. Anybody that knows anything will know that I meant that the boy should shake the vine."

Then this old person got up and tore his paper all into small shreds, and stamped on them, and broke several things with his cane, and said I did not know as much as a cow, and then went out and banged the door after him, and, in short, acted in such a way that I fancied he was displeased about something. But, not knowing what the trouble was, I could not be any help to him.

Pretty soon after this a long cadaverous creature, with lanky locks hanging down to his shoulders, and a week's stubble bristling from the hills and valleys of his face, darted within the door, and halted, motionless, with finger on lip, and head and body bent in listening attitude. No sound was heard. Still he listened. No sound. Then he turned the key in the door, and came elaborately tiptoeing toward me till he was within long reaching distance of me, when he stopped, and after scanning my face with intense interest for awhile, drew a folded copy of our paper from his bosom, and said—

“There, you wrote that. Read it to me, quick! Relieve me. I suffer.”

I read as follows: and as the sentences fell from my lips I could see the relief come, I could see the drawn muscles relax, and the anxiety go out of the face, and rest and peace steal over the features like the merciful moonlight over a desolate landscape:

"The guano is a fine bird, but great care is necessary in rearing it. It should not be imported earlier than June or later than September. In the winter it should be kept in a warm place, where it can hatch out its young.

"It is evident that we are to have a backward season for grain. Therefore, it will be well for the farmer to begin setting out his cornstalks and planting his buckwheat cakes in July instead of August.

"Concerning the Pumpkin.—This berry is a favourite with the natives of the interior of New England, who prefer it to the gooseberry for the making of fruit cake, and who likewise give it the preference over the raspberry for feeding cows, as being more filling and fully as satisfying. The pumpkin is the only esculent of the orange family that will thrive in the North, except the gourd and one or two varieties of the squash. But the custom of planting it in the front yard with the shrubbery is fast going out of vogue, for it is now generally conceded that the pumpkin as a shade tree is a failure.

"Now, as the warm weather approaches, and the ganders begin to spawn—"

The excited listener sprang toward me to shake hands, and said—

"There, there, that will do! I know I am all

right now, because you have read it just as I did, word for word. But, stranger, when I first read it this morning I said to myself, I never, never believed it before, notwithstanding my friends kept me under watch so strict, but now I believe I *am* crazy; and with that I fetched a howl that you might have heard two miles, and started out to kill somebody—because, you know, I knew it would come to that sooner or later, and so I might as well begin. I read one of them paragraphs over again, so as to be certain, and then I burned my house down and started. I have crippled several people, and have got one fellow up a tree, where I can get him if I want him. But I thought I would call in here as I passed along, and make the thing perfectly certain; and now it *is* certain, and I tell you it is lucky for the chap that is in the tree. I should have killed him, sure, as I went back. Good-bye, sir, good-bye; you have taken a great load off my mind. My reason has stood the strain of one of your agricultural articles, and I know that nothing can ever unseat it now. *Good-by, sir.*”

I felt a little uncomfortable about the cripplings and arsons this person had been entertaining himself with, for I could not help feeling remotely accessory to them; but these thoughts were quickly banished, for the regular editor walked in! [I thought to myself, Now, if you had gone to Egypt

as I recommended you to, I might have had a chance to get my hand in ; but you wouldn't do it, and here you are. I sort of expected you.]

The editor was looking sad and perplexed and dejected.

He surveyed the wreck which that old rioter and those two young farmers had made, and then said, " This is a sad business—a very sad business. There is the mucilage bottle broken, and six panes of glass, and a spittoon and two candlesticks. But that is not the worst. The reputation of the paper is injured, and permanently, I fear. True, there never was such a call for the paper before, and it never sold such a large edition, or soared to such celebrity ; but does one want to be famous for lunacy, and prosper upon the infirmities of his mind ? My friend, as I am an honest man, the street out here is full of people, and others are roosting on the fences, waiting to get a glimpse of you, because they think you are crazy. And well they might after reading your editorials. They are a disgrace to journalism. Why, what put it into your head that you could edit a paper of this nature ? You do not seem to know the first rudiments of agriculture. You speak of a furrow and a harrow as being the same thing ; you talk of the moulting season for cows ; and you recommend the domestication of the pole-cat on account of its

playfulness and its excellence as a ratter. Your remark that clams will lie quiet if music be played to them was superfluous—entirely superfluous. Nothing disturbs clams. Clams *always* lie quiet. Clams care nothing whatever about music. Ah, heavens and earth, friend! if you had made the acquiring of ignorance the study of your life you could not have graduated with higher honours than you could to-day. I never saw anything like it. Your observation that the horse-chestnut as an article of commerce is steadily gaining in favour is simply calculated to destroy this journal. I want you to throw up your situation and go. I want no more holiday—I could not enjoy it if I had it; certainly not with you in my chair. I would always stand in dread of what you might be going to recommend next. It makes me lose all patience every time I think of your discussing oyster beds under the head of ‘Landscape Gardening.’ I want you to go. Nothing on earth could persuade me to take another holiday. Oh, why didn’t you *tell* me you didn’t know anything about agriculture?”

“*Tell* you, you cornstalk, you cabbage, you son of a cauliflower? It’s the first time I ever heard such an unfeeling remark. I tell you I have been in the editorial business going on fourteen years, and it is the first time I ever heard of a man’s having to know anything in order to edit a newspaper.

You turnip ! Who write the dramatic critiques for the second-rate papers ? Why, a parcel of promoted shoemakers and apprentice apothecaries, who know just as much about good acting as I do about good farming and no more. Who review the books ? People who never wrote one. Who do up the heavy leaders on finance ? Parties who have had the largest opportunities for knowing nothing about it. Who criticise the Indian campaigns ? Gentlemen who do not know a war-whoop from a wigwam, and who never have had to run a foot-race with a tomahawk, or pluck arrows out of the several members of their families to build the evening camp-fire with. Who write the temperance appeals and clamour about the flowing bowl ? Folks who will never draw another sober breath till they do it in the grave. Who edit the agricultural papers, you—yam ? Men, as a general thing, who fail in the poetry line, yellow-covered novell line, sensation drama line, city editor line and finally fall back on agriculture as a temporary reprieve from the poor-house. *You* try to tell *me* anything about the newspaper business ! Sir, I have been through it from Alpha to Omega, and I tell you that the less a man knows the bigger noise he makes and the higher the salary he commands. Heaven knows if I had but been ignorant instead of cultivated, and impudent instead of diffident, I could have made a name for myself in this cold,

selfish world. I take my leave, sir. Since I have been treated as you have treated me, I am perfectly willing to go. But I have done my duty. I have fulfilled my contract, as far as I was permitted to do it. I said I could make your paper of interest to all classes, and I have. I said I could run your circulation up to twenty thousand copies, and if I had had two more weeks I'd have done it. And I'd have given you the best class of readers that ever an agricultural paper had—not a farmer in it, nor a solitary individual who could tell a water-melon from a peach-vine to save his life. *You* are the loser by this rupture, not me, Pie-plant. Adios.”

I then left.





THE UNDERTAKER'S STORY.

NOW, that corpse," said the undertaker, patting the folded hands of deceased approvingly, "was a brick—every way you took him he was a brick. He was so real accommodating, and so modest like and simple in his last moments. Friends wanted metallic burial case—nothing else would do. *I* couldn't get it. There warn't going to be time—anybody could see that.

"Corpse said never mind, shake him up some kind of a box he could stretch out in comfortable, *he* warn't particular 'bout the general style of it. Said he went more on room than style, any way, in a last final container.

"Friends wanted a silver-door plate on the coffin, signifying who he was and wher' he was from. Now *you* know a fellow couldn't roust out such a gaily thing as that in a little country town like this. What did corpse say?

"Corpse said, whitewash his old canoe and dob his address and general destination onto it with a

blackening brush and a stencil plate, long with a verse from some likely hymn or other, and p'int him for the tomb, and mark him C. O. D., and just let him skip along. *He* warn't distressed any more than you be—on the contrary just as carm and collected as a hearse-horse; said he judged that wher' he was going to a body would find it considerable better to attract attention by a picturesque moral character than a natty burial case with a swell door-plate on it.

"Splendid man, he was. I'd druther do for a corpse like that 'n any I've tackled in seven year. There's some satisfaction in buryin' a man like that. You feel that what you're doing is appreciated. Lord bless you, so's he got planted before he sp'iled, he was perfectly satisfied; said his relations meant well, *perfectly* well, but all them preparations was bound to delay the thing more or less, and he didn't wish to be kept layin' around. You never see such a clear head as what he had—and so carm and so cool. Just a hunk of brains—that is what *he* was. Perfectly awful. It was a ripping distance from one end of that man's head to t'other. Often and over again he's had brain fever a-raging in one place, and the rest of the pile didn't know anything about it—didn't affect it any more than an Injun insurrection in Arizona affects the Atlantic States.

"Well, the relations they wanted a big funeral, but corpse said he was down on flummery—didn't want any procession—fill the hearse full of mourners, and get out a stern line and tow *him* behind. He *was* the most down on style of any remains I ever struck. A beautiful simple-minded creature—it was what he was, you can depend on that. He was just set on having things the way he wanted them, and he took a solid comfort in laying his little plans. He had me measure him and take a whole raft of directions; then he had the minister stand up behind a long box with a table-cloth over it and read his funeral sermon, saying 'Angcore, angcore!' at the good places, and making him scratch out every bit of brag about him, and all the hifalutin; and then he made them trot out the choir so's he could help them pick out the tunes for the occasion, and he got them to sing 'Pop Goes the Weasel,' because he'd always liked that tune when he was down-hearted, and solemn music made him sad; and when they sung that with tears in their eyes (because they all loved him), and his relations grieving around, he just laid there as happy as a bug, and trying to beat time and showing all over how much he enjoyed it; and presently he got worked up and excited, and tried to join in, for mind you he was pretty proud of his abilities in the singing line; but the first time he

opened his mouth and was just going to spread himself, his breath took a walk.

"I never see a man snuffed out so sudden. Ah, it was a great loss—it was a powerful loss to this poor little one-horse town. Well, well, well, I hain't got time to be palavering along here—got to nail on the lid and mosey along with him; and if you'll just give me a lift we'll skeet him into the hearse and meander along. Relations bound to have it so—don't pay no attention to dying injunctions, minute a corpse's gone; but if I had *my* way, if I didn't respect his last wishes and tow him behind the hearse I'll be cuss'd. I consider that whatever a corpse wants done for his comfort is a little enough matter, and a man hain't got no right to deceive him or take advantage of him; and whatever a corpse trusts me to do I'm a-going to *do*, you know, even if it's to stuff him and paint him yaller and keep him for a keepsake—you hear *me!*"

He cracked his whip and went lumbering away with his ancient ruin of a hearse, and I continued my walk with a valuable lesson learned—that a healthy and wholesome cheerfulness is not necessarily impossible to *any* occupation. The lesson is likely to be lasting, for it will take many months to obliterate the memory of the remarks and circumstances that impressed it.



RUNNING FOR GOVERNOR.



FEW months ago I was nominated for Governor of the great State of New York, to run against Stewart L. Woodford and John T. Hoffman on an independent ticket. I somehow felt that I had one prominent advantage over these gentlemen, and that was—good character. It was easy to see by the newspapers that, if ever they had known what it was to bear a good name, that time had gone by. It was plain that in these latter years they had become familiar with all manner of shameful crimes. But at the very moment that I was exalting my advantage and joying in it in secret there was a muddy undercurrent of discomfort “riling” the deeps of my happiness, and that was—the having to hear my name bandied about in familiar connection with those of such people. I grew more and more disturbed. Finally,

I wrote my grandmother about it. Her answer came quick and sharp. She said—

“You have never done one single thing in all your life to be ashamed of—not one. Look at the newspapers—look at them and comprehend what sort of characters Woodford and Hoffman are, and then see if you are willing to lower yourself to their level and enter a public canvass with them.”

It was my very thought! I did not sleep a single moment that night. But after all I could not recede. I was fully committed, and must go on with the fight. As I was looking listlessly over the papers at breakfast, I came across this paragraph, and I may truly say I never was so confounded before :—

“PERJURY.—Perhaps, now that Mr. Mark Twain is before the people as a candidate for Governor, he will condescend to explain how he came to be convicted of perjury by thirty-four witnesses in Wakawak, Cochin China, in 1863, the intent of which perjury was to rob a poor native widow and her helpless family of a meagre plantain-patch, their only stay and support in their bereavement and desolation. Mr. Twain owes it to himself, as well as to the great people whose suffrages he asks, to clear this matter up. Will he do it?”

I thought I should burst with amazement! Such a cruel heartless charge. I never had *seen* Cochin

China! I never had *heard* of Wakawak! I didn't know a plaitain-patch from a kangaroo! I did not know what to do. I was crazed and helpless. I let the day slip away without doing anything at all. The next morning the same paper had this—nothing more:—

“SIGNIFICANT.—Mr. Twain, it will be observed, is suggestively silent about the Cochin China perjury.”

[*Mem.*—During the rest of the campaign this paper never referred to me in any other way than as “the infamous perjurer Twain.”]

Next came the “Gazette,” with this:—

“WANTED TO KNOW.—Will the new candidate for Governor deign to explain to certain of his fellow-citizens (who are suffering to vote for him!) the little circumstance of his cabin-mates in Montana losing small valuables from time to time, until at last, these things having been invariably found on Mr. Twain's person or in his “trunk” (newspaper he rolled his traps in), they felt compelled to give him a friendly admonition for his own good, and so tarred and feathered him and rode him on a rail, and then advised him to leave a permanent vacuum in the place he usually occupied in the camp. Will he do this?”

Could anything be more deliberately malicious than that? For I never was in Montana in my life.

[After this, this journal customarily spoke of me as "Twain, the Montana Thief."]

I got to picking up papers apprehensively—much as one would lift a desired blanket which he had some idea might have a rattlesnake under it. One day this met my eye:—

"THE LIE NAILED!—By the sworn affidavits of Michael O'Flanagan, Esq., of the Five Points, and Mr. Kit Burns and Mr. John Allen, of Water Street, it is established that Mr. Mark Twain's vile statement that the lamented grandfather of our noble standard-bearer, John T. Hoffman, was hanged for highway robbery, is a brutal and gratuitous LIE, without a single shadow of foundation in fact. It is disheartening to virtuous men to see such shameful means resorted to to achieve political success as the attacking of the dead in their graves, and defiling their honoured names with slander. When we think of the anguish this miserable falsehood must cause the innocent relatives and friends of the deceased, we are almost driven to incite an outraged and insulted public to summary and unlawful vengeance upon the traducer. But no: let us leave him to the agony of a lacerated conscience (though if passion should get the better of the public and in its blind fury they should do the traducer bodily injury, it is but too obvious

that no jury could convict and no court punish the perpetrators of the deed.)”

The ingenious closing sentence had the effect of moving me out of bed with despatch that night, and out at the back door also, while the “outraged and insulted public” surged in the front way, breaking furniture and windows in their righteous indignation as they came, and taking off such property as they could carry when they went. And yet I can lay my hand upon the Book and say that I never slandered Governor Hoffman’s grandfather. More: I had never even heard of him or mentioned him up to that day and date.

[I will state, in passing, that the journal above quoted from always referred to me afterward as “Twain the Body-Snatcher.”]

The next newspaper article that attracted my attention was the following :—

“A SWEET CANDIDATE.—Mark Twain, who was to make such a blighting speech at the mass meeting of the Independents last night, didn’t come to time! A telegram from his physician stated that he had been knocked down by a runaway team and his leg broken in two places—sufferer lying in great agony, and so forth, and so forth, and a lot more bosh of the same sort. And the Independents tried hard to swallow the wretched subterfuge, and pretend that they did not

know what was the *real* reason of the absence of the abandoned creature whom they denominate their standard bearer. *A certain man was seen to reel into Mr. Twain's hotel last night in a state of beastly intoxication.* It is the imperative duty of the Independents to prove that this besotted brute was not Mark Twain himself. We have them at last! This is a case that admits of no shirking. The voice of the people demands in thunder-tones, 'WHO WAS THAT MAN?'

It was incredible, absolutely incredible, for a moment, that it was really my name that was coupled with this disgraceful suspicion. Three long years had passed over my head since I had tasted ale, beer, wine, or liquor of any kind.

[It shows what effect the times were having on me when I say that I saw myself confidently dubbed "Mr. Delirium Tremens Twain" in the next issue of that journal without a pang—notwithstanding I knew that with monotonous fidelity the paper would go on calling me so to the very end.]

By this time anonymous letters were getting to be an important part of my mail matter. This form was common—

"How about that old woman yeu kiked of your premisers which was beging.

POL PRY."

And this—

“There is things which you have done which is unbeknownens to anybody but me. You better trot out a few dols. to yours truly, or you’ll hear thro’ the papers from

HANDY ANDY.”

That is about the idea. I could continue them till the reader was surfeited, if desirable.

Shortly the principal Republican journal “convicted” me of wholesale bribery, and the leading Democratic paper “nailed” an aggravated case of blackmailing to me.

[In this way I acquired two additional names: “Twain the Filthy Corruptionist,” and “Twain the Loathsome Embracer.”]

By this time there had grown to be such a clamour for an “answer” to all the dreadful charges that were laid to me that the editors and leaders of my party said it would be political ruin for me to remain silent any longer. As if to make their appeal the more imperative, the following appeared in one of the papers the very next day:—

“BEHOLD THE MAN!—The Independent candidate still maintains silence. Because he dare not speak. Every accusation against him has been amply proved, and they have been endorsed and re-endorsed by his own eloquent silence till at this day he stands for ever convicted. Look upon your

candidate, Independents! Look upon the Infamous Perjurer! the Montana Thief! the Body Snatcher! Contemplate your incarnate Delirium Tremens! your Filthy Corruptionist! your Loathsome Embracer! Gaze upon him—ponder him well—and then say if you can give your honest votes to a creature who has earned this dismal array of titles by his hideous crimes, and dares not open his mouth in denial of any one of them?”

There was no possible way of getting out of it, and so, in deep humiliation, I set about preparing to “answer” a mass of baseless charges and mean and wicked falsehoods. But I never finished the task, for the very next morning a paper came out with a new horror, a fresh malignity, and seriously charged me with burning a lunatic asylum with all its inmates because it obstructed the view from my house. This threw me into a sort of panic. Then came the charge of poisoning my uncle to get his property, with an imperative demand that the grave should be opened. This drove me to the verge of distraction. On top of this I was accused of employing toothless and incompetent old relatives to prepare the food for the foundling hospital when I was warden. I was wavering—wavering. And at last as a due and fitting climax to the shameless persecution that party rancour had inflicted upon me, nine little toddling children of all shades of

colour and degrees of raggedness were taught to rush on to the platform at a public meeting and clasp me around the legs and call me PA !

I gave up. I hauled down my colours and surrendered. I was not equal to the requirements of a Gubernatorial campaign in the State of New York, so I sent in my withdrawal from the candidacy, and in bitterness of spirit signed it,

“ Truly yours,

“ *Once* a decent man, but now

“ MARK TWAIN, I. P., M. T., B. S., D. T., F. C.,
and L. E.”





WIT-INSPIRATIONS OF THE "TWO-YEAR-OLDS."



ALL infants appear to have an impertinent and disagreeable fashion nowadays of saying "smart" things on most occasions that offer, and especially on occasions when they ought not to be saying anything at all. Judging by the average published specimens of smart sayings, the rising generation of children are little better than idiots. And the parents must surely be but little better than the children, for in most cases they are the publishers of the sunbursts of infantile imbecility which dazzle us from the pages of our periodicals. I may seem to speak with some heat, not to say a suspicion of personal spite; and I do admit that it nettles me to hear about so many gifted infants in these days, and remember that I seldom said anything smart when I was a child.

I tried it once or twice, but it was not popular. The family were not expecting brilliant remarks from me, and so they snubbed me sometimes, and spanked me the rest. But it makes my flesh creep and my blood run cold to think what might have happened to me if I had dared to utter some of the smart things of this generation's "four-year-olds" where my father could hear me. To have simply skinned me alive and considered his duty at an end would have seemed to him criminal leniency toward one so sinning. He was a stern unsmiling man, and hated all forms of precocity. If I had said some of the things I have referred to, and said them in his hearing, he would have destroyed me. He would, indeed he would, provided the opportunity remained with him. But it would not, for I would have had judgment enough to take some strychnine first and say my smart thing afterward. The fair record of my life has been tarnished by just one pun. My father overheard that, and he hunted me over four or five townships seeking to take my life. If I had been full-grown of course he would have been right; but, child as I was I could not know how wicked a thing I had done.

I made one of those remarks ordinarily called "smart things" before that, but it was not a pun. Still, it came near causing a serious rupture

between my father and myself. My father and mother, my uncle Ephraim and his wife, and one or two others, were present, and the conversation turned on a name for me. I was lying there trying some India-rubber rings of various patterns, and endeavouring to make a selection, for I was tired of trying to cut my teeth on people's fingers, and wanted to get hold of something that would enable me to hurry the thing through and get at something else. Did you ever notice what a nuisance it was cutting your teeth on your nurse's finger, or how back-breaking and tiresome it was trying to cut them on your big toe? And did you never get out of patience and wish your teeth were in Jericho long before you got them half cut? To me it seems as if these things happened yesterday. And they did, to some children. But I digress. I was lying there trying the India-rubber rings. I remember looking at the clock and noticing that in an hour and twenty-five minutes I would be two weeks old, and thinking to myself how little I had done to merit the blessings that were so unsparingly lavished upon me.

My father said, "Abraham is a good name. My grandfather was named Abraham."

My mother said, "Abraham is a good name. Very well. Let us have Abraham for one of his names."

I said, "Abraham suits the subscriber."

My father frowned, my mother looked pleased.

My aunt said, "What a little darling it is!"

My father said, "Isaac is a good name, and Jacob is a good name."

My mother assented and said, "No names are better. Let us add Isaac and Jacob to his names."

I said, "All right. Isaac and Jacob are good enough for yours truly. Pass me that rattle, if you please. I can't chew India-rubber rings all day."

Not a soul made a memorandum of these sayings of mine for publication. I saw that, and did it myself, else they would have been utterly lost. So far from meeting with a generous encouragement like other children when developing intellectually, I was now furiously scowled upon by my father; my mother looked grieved and anxious, and even my aunt had about her an expression of seeming to think that maybe I had gone too far. I took a vicious bite out of an India-rubber ring, and covertly broke the rattle over the kitten's head, but said nothing.

Presently my father said, "Samuel is a very excellent name."

I saw that trouble was coming. Nothing could prevent it. I laid down my rattle; over the side of the cradle I dropped my uncle's silver watch,

the clothes brush, the toy dog, my tin soldier, the nutmeg-grater, and other matters which I was accustomed to examine and meditate upon and make pleasant noises with, and bang and batter and break when I needed wholesome entertainment. Then I put on my little frock and my little bonnet, and took my pigmy shoes in one hand and my licorice in the other, and climbed out on the floor. I said to myself, Now, if the worst comes to the worst I am ready.

Then I said aloud, in a firm voice, "Father, I cannot, cannot wear the name of Samuel."

"My son ! "

"Father, I mean it. I cannot."

"Why ? "

"Father, I have an invincible antipathy to that name."

"My son, this is unreasonable. Many great and good men have been named Samuel."

"Sir, I have yet to hear of the first instance."

"What ! There was Samuel the prophet. Was not he great and good ? "

"Not so very."

"My son ! With his own voice the Lord called him."

"Yes, sir, and had to call him a couple of times before he would come ! "

"And then I sallied forth, and that stern old man

sallied forth after me. He overtook me at noon the following day, and when the interview was over I had acquired the name of Samuel, and a thrashing and other useful information; and by means of this compromise my father's wrath was appeased, and a misunderstanding bridged over which might have become a permanent rupture if I had chosen to be unreasonable. But just judging by this episode, what *would* my father have done to me if I had ever uttered in his hearing one of the flat sickly things these "two-year-olds," say in print nowadays! In my opinion there would have been a case of infanticide in our family.





A STORY OF HAUNTING HORROR.



WILL the reader please to cast his eye over the following verses, and see if he can discover anything harmful in them ?

“Conductor, when you receive a fare,
Punch in the presence of the passenjare,
A blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare,
A buff trip slip for a six-cent fare,
A pink trip slip for a three-cent fare,
Punch in the presence of the passenjare.

CHORUS.

Punch, brothers ! punch with care !
Punch in the presence of the passenjare ! ”

I came across these jingling rhymes in a newspaper a little while ago, and read them a couple of times. They took instant and entire possession of me. All through breakfast they went waltzing through my brain ; and when, at last, I rolled up my napkin, I could not tell whether I had eaten anything or not. I had carefully laid out my day's work the day before—a thrilling tragedy in the novel which I

am writing. I went to my den to begin my deed of blood. I took up my pen, but all I could get it to say was, "Punch in the presence of the passenjare." I fought hard for an hour, but it was useless. My head kept humming, "A blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare, a buff trip slip for a six-cent fare," and so on, and so on, without peace or respite. The day's work was ruined—I could see that plainly enough. I gave up and drifted down town, and presently discovered that my feet were keeping time to that relentless jingle. When I could stand it no longer I altered my step. But it did no good; those rhymes accommodated themselves to the new step, and went on harassing me just as before. I returned home, and suffered all the afternoon; suffered all through an unconscious and unrefreshing dinner; suffered, and cried, and jingled all through the evening; went to bed and rolled, tossed, and jingled right along, the same as ever; got up at midnight frantic, and tried to read; but there was nothing visible upon the whirling page except "Punch! punch in the presence of the passenjare." By sunrise I was out of my mind, and everybody marvelled and was distressed at the idiotic burden of my ravings,—"Punch! oh, punch! punch in the presence of the passenjare!"

Two days later, on Saturday morning, I arose, a tottering wreck, and went forth to fulfil an engage-

ment with a valued friend, the Rev. Mr. —, to walk to the Talcott Tower, ten miles distant. He stared at me, but asked no questions. We started. Mr. — talked, talked, talked—as is his wont. I said nothing, I heard nothing. At the end of a mile, Mr. — said,—

“Mark, are you sick? I never saw a man look so haggard and worn and absent-minded. Say, something; do!”

Drearily, without enthusiasm, I said: “Punch, brothers, punch with care! Punch in the presence of the *passenjare*!”

My friend eyed me blankly, looked perplexed, then said—

“I do not think I get your drift, Mark. There does not seem to be any relevancy in what you have said, certainly nothing sad; and yet—may-be it was the way you *said* the words—I never heard anything that sounded so pathetic. What is——”

But I heard no more. I was already far away with my pitiless, heart-breaking “blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare, buff trip slip for a six-cent fare, pink trip slip for a three-cent fare; punch in the presence of the *passenjare*.” I do not know what occurred during the other nine miles. However, all of a sudden, Mr.— laid his hand on my shoulder and shouted,—

“Oh, wake up! wake up! wake up! Don’t sleep

all day! Here we are at the tower, man. I have talked myself deaf and dumb and blind, and never got a response. Just look at this magnificent autumn landscape! Look at! look at it! Feast your eyes on it! You have travelled; you have seen boasted landscapes elsewhere. Come, now, deliver an honest opinion. What do you say to this?"

I sighed wearily, and murmured,—

"A buff trip slip for a six-cent fare, a pink trip slip for a three-cent fare, punch in the presence of the passenjare."

Rev. Mr.— stood there, very grave, full of concern, apparently, and looked long at me; then he said,—

"Mark, there is something about this that I cannot understand. Those are about the same words as you said before; there does not seem to be anything in them, and yet they nearly break my heart when you say them. Punch in the—how is it they go?"

I began at the beginning, and repeated all the lines. My friend's face lighted with interest. He said,—

"Why, what a captivating jingle it is! It is almost music. It flows along so nicely. I have nearly caught the rhymes myself. Say them over just once more, and then I'll have them, sure."

I said them over. Then Mr.— said them. He

made one little mistake, which I corrected. The next time and the next he got them right. Now a great burden seemed to tumble from my shoulders. That torturing jingle departed out of my brain, and a grateful sense of rest and peace descended upon me. I was light-hearted enough to sing; and I did sing for half-an-hour, straight along, as we went jogging homeward. Then my freed tongue found blessed speech again, and the pent talk of many a weary hour began to gush and flow. It flowed on and on, joyously, jubilantly, until the fountain was empty and dry. As I wrung my friend's hand at parting, I said,—

“Haven't we had a royal good time! But now I remember, you haven't said a word for two hours. Come, come, out with something!”

The Rev. Mr.—turned a lack-lustre eye upon me, drew a deep sigh, and said, without animation, without apparent consciousness,—

“Punch, brothers, punch with care! Punch in the presence of the passenjare!”

A pang shot through me as I said to myself, “Poor fellow, poor fellow! *he* has got it now.”

I did not see Mr.—for two or three days after that. Then, on Tuesday evening, he staggered into my presence, and sank dejectedly into a seat. He was pale, worn; he was a wreck. He lifted his faded eyes to my face, and said,—

“ Ah, Mark, it was a ruinous investment that I made in those heartless rhymes. They have ridden me like a nightmare, day and night, hour after hour, to this very moment. Since I saw you I have suffered the torments of the lost. Saturday evening I had a sudden call, by telegraph, and took the night train for Boston. The occasion was the death of a valued old friend who had requested that I should preach his funeral sermon. I took my seat in the cars and set myself to framing the discourse. But I never got beyond the opening paragraph ; for then the train started, and the car-wheels began their ‘ clack-clack-clack-clack ! clack-clack-clack-clack ! ’ and right away those odious rhymes fitted themselves to that accompaniment. For an hour I sat there and set a syllable of those rhymes to every separate and distinct clack the car-wheels made. Why, I was as fagged out, then, as if I had been chopping wood all day. My skull was splitting with headache. It seemed to me that I must go mad if I sat there any longer ; so I undressed and went to bed. I stretched myself out in my berth, and—well, you know what the result was. The thing went right along, just the same. ‘ Clack-clack-clack, a blue trip slip, clack-clack-clack, for an eight-cent fare ; clack-clack-clack, a buff trip slip, clack-clack-clack, for a six-cent fare, and so on, and so on, and so on—*punch* in the

presence of the passenjare!’ Sleep? Not a single wink! I was almost a lunatic when I got to Boston. Don’t ask me about the funeral. I did the best I could, but every solemn individual sentence was meshed and tangled and woven in and out with ‘Punch, brothers, punch with care, punch in the presence of the passenjare.’ And the most distressing thing was that my *delivery* dropped into the undulating rhythm of those pulsing rhymes, and I could actually catch absent-minded people ridding *time* to the swing of it with their stupid heads. And, Mark, you may believe it or not, but before I got through, the entire assemblage were placidly bobbing their heads in solemn unison, mourners, undertakers, and all. The moment I had finished, I fled to the ante-room in a state bordering on frenzy. Of course it would be my luck to find a sorrowing and aged maiden aunt of the deceased there, who had arrived from Springfield too late to get into the church. She began to sob, and said,—

“‘Oh, oh! he is gone, he is gone, and I didn’t see him before he died!’

“‘Yes!’ I said, ‘he *is* gone, he *is* gone, he *is* gone—oh, *will* this suffering never cease!’

“‘*You* loved him, then! Oh, you too loved him!’

“‘Loved him! Loved *who*?’

“‘Why, my poor George! my poor nephew!’

“‘Oh—*him!* Yes—oh, yes, yes. Certainly—certainly. Punch—punch—oh, this misery will kill me!’

“‘Bless you! bless you, sir, for these sweet words! *I*, too, suffer in this dear loss. Were you present during his last moments?’

“‘Yes! I—*whose* last moments?’

“‘*His*. The dear departed’s.’

“‘Yes! Oh, yes—yes—*yes!* I suppose so, I think so, *I* don’t know! Oh, certainly. I was there—*I* was there!’

“‘Oh, what a privilege! what a precious privilege! And his last words—oh tell me, tell me his last words! What did he say?’

“‘He said—he said—oh, my head, my head, my head! He said—he said—he never said *anything* but Punch, punch, *punch*, in the presence of the passenjare! Oh, leave me, madam! In the name of all that is generous, leave me to my madness, my misery, my despair!—a buff trip slip for a six-cent fare, a pink trip slip for a three-cent fare—endurance *can* no fur-ther go!—PUNCH in the presence of the passenjare!’”

My friend’s hopeless eyes rested upon mine a pregnant minute, and then he said impressively—

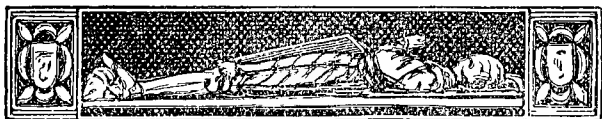
“Mark, you do not say anything. You do not offer me any hope. But, ah, me! it is just as well

—it is just as well ; you could not do me any good. The time has long gone by when words could comfort me. Something tells me that my tongue is doomed to wag for ever to the jigger of that remorseless jingle. There—there it is, coming on me again: a blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare, a buff trip slip for a——”

Thus murmuring, my friend sank into a peaceful trance, and forgot his sufferings in a blessed respite.

How did I finally save him from the asylum ? I took him to a neighbouring university, and made him discharge the burden of his persecuting rhymes into the eager ears of the poor, unthinking students. How is it with *them* now ? The result is too sad to tell. Why did I write this article ? It was for a worthy, even a noble purpose. It was to warn you, reader, if you should come across these merciless rhymes to avoid them—avoid them as you would a pestilence ;





THE ECHO THAT DIDN'T ANSWER.

A STORY WITH A LAWSUIT.

Poor, sad-eyed stranger ! There was that about his humble mien, his tired look, his decayed-gentility clothes, that almost reached the mustard-seed of charity that still remained, remote and lonely, in the empty vastness of my heart, notwithstanding I observed a portfolio under his arm, and said to myself, Behold, Providence hath delivered his servant into the hands of another canvasser.

Well, these people always get one interested. Before I well knew how it came about, this one was telling me his history, and I was all attention and sympathy. He told me something like this:—

“My parents died, alas ! when I was a little, sinless child. My uncle Ithuriel took me to his heart and reared me as his own. He was my only relative in the wide world ; but he was good and rich and generous. He reared me in the lap of luxury. I knew no want that money could satisfy.

"In the fulness of time I was graduated, and went with two of my servants—my chamberlain and my valet—to travel in foreign countries. During four years I flitted upon careless wing amid the beauteous gardens of the distant strand, if you will permit this form of speech in one whose tongue was ever attuned to poesy; and indeed I so speak with confidence, as one unto his kind, for I perceive by your eyes that you too, sir, are gifted with the divine inflation. In those far lands I revelled in the ambrosial food that fructifies the soul, the mind, the heart. But of all things, that which most appealed to my inborn æsthetic taste was the prevailing custom there, among the rich, of making collections of elegant and costly rarities, dainty *objets de vertu*, and in an evil hour I tried to uplift my uncle Ithuriel to a plane of sympathy with this exquisite employment.

"I wrote and told him of one gentleman's vast collection of shells; another's noble collection of meerschaum pipes; another's elevating and refining collection of undecipherable autographs; another's priceless collection of old china; another's charming collection of postage stamps—and so forth and so on. Soon my letters yielded fruit. My uncle began to look about for something to make a collection of. You may know, perhaps, how fleetly a taste like this dilates. His soon became a raging

fever, though I knew it not. He began to neglect his great pork business; presently he wholly retired and turned an elegant leisure into a rabid search for curious things. His wealth was vast, and he spared it not. First he tried cow-bells. He made a collection which filled five large *salons*, and comprehended all the different sorts of cow-bells that ever had been contrived, save one. That one—an antique, and the only specimen extant—was possessed by another collector. My uncle offered enormous sums for it, but the gentleman would not sell. Doubtless you know what necessarily resulted. A true collector attaches no value to a collection that is not complete. His great heart breaks, he sells his hoard, he turns his mind to some field that seems unoccupied.

“Thus did my uncle. He next tried brickbats. After piling up a vast and intensely interesting collection, the former difficulty supervened; his great heart broke again; he sold out his soul’s idol to the retired brewer who possessed the missing brick. Then he tried flint hatchets and other implements of Primeval Man, but by-and-by discovered that the factory where they were made was supplying other collectors as well as himself. He tried Aztec inscriptions and stuffed whales—another failure, after incredible labour and expense. When his collection seemed at last perfect, a stuffed whale

arrived from Greenland and an Aztec inscription from the Cundurango regions of Central America, that made all former specimens insignificant. My uncle hastened to secure these noble gems. He got the stuffed whale, but another collector got the inscription. A real Cundurango, as possibly you know, is a possession of such supreme value that, when once a collector gets it, he will rather part with his family than with it. So my uncle sold out, and saw his darlings go forth, never more to return; and his coal-black hair turned white as snow in a single night.

"Now he waited, and thought. He knew another disappointment might kill him. He was resolved that he would choose things next time that no other man was collecting. He carefully made up his mind, and once more entered the field—this time to make a collection of echoes."

"Of what?" said I.

"Echoes, sir. His first purchase was an echo in Georgia that repeated four times; his next was a six-repeater in Maryland; his next was a thirteen-repeater in Maine; his next was a nine-repeater in Kansas; his next was a twelve-repeater in Tennessee, which he got cheap, so to speak, because it was out of repair, a portion of the crag which reflected it having tumbled down. He believed he could repair it at a cost of a few thousand dollars, and,

by increasing the elevation with masonry, treble the repeating capacity ; but the architect who undertook the job had never built an echo before, and so he utterly spoiled this one. Before he meddled with it, it used to talk back like a mother-in-law, but now it was only fit for the deaf and dumb asylum. Well, next he bought a lot of cheap little double-barrelled echoes, scattered around over various States and territories ; he got them at twenty per cent. off by taking the lot. Next he bought a perfect Gatling gun of an echo in Oregon, and it cost a fortune I can tell you. You may know, sir, that in the echo market the scale of prices is cumulative, like the carat-scale in diamonds ; in fact, the same phraseology is used. A single carat-echo is worth but ten dollars over and above the value of the land it is on ; a two-carat or double-barrelled echo is worth thirty dollars ; a five-carat is worth nine hundred and fifty ; a ten-carat is worth thirteen thousand. My uncle's Oregon echo, which he called the Great Pitt Echo, was a twenty-two carat gem, and cost two hundred and sixteen thousand dollars—they threw the land in, for it was four hundred miles from a settlement.

“ Well, in the meantime my path was a path of roses. I was the accepted suitor of the only and lovely daughter of an English earl, and was beloved to distraction. In that dear presence I swam in

seas of bliss. The family were content, for it was known that I was sole heir to an uncle held to be worth five millions of dollars. However, none of us knew that my uncle had become a collector, at least in anything more than a small way, for æsthetic amusement.

“Now gathered the clouds above my unconscious head. That divine echo, since known throughout the world as the Great Koh-i-noor, or Mountain of Repetitions, was discovered. It was a sixty-five carat gem. You could utter a word and it would talk back at you for fifteen minutes, when the day was otherwise quiet. But behold, another discovery was made at the same time; another echo-collector was in the field. The two rushed to make the purchase. The property consisted of a couple of small hills with a shallow swale between, out yonder among the back settlements of New York State. Both men arrived on the ground at the same time, and neither knew the other was there. The echo was not all owned by one man; a person by the name of Williamson Bolivar Jarvis owned the east hill, and a person by the name of Harbison J. Bledso owned the west hill; the swale between was the dividing line. So while my uncle was buying Jarvis’s hill for three million two hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars, the other party was buying Bledso’s hill for a shade over three million.

"Now, do you perceive the natural result? Why, the noblest collection of echoes on earth was for ever and ever incomplete, since it possessed but the one half of the king echo of the universe. Neither man was content with this divided ownership, yet neither would sell to the other. There were jawings, bickerings, heart-burnings. And at last, that other collector, with a malignity which only a collector can ever feel toward a man and a brother, proceeded to cut down his hill!

"You see, as long as he could not have the echo, he was resolved that nobody should have it. He would remove his hill, and then there would be nothing to reflect my uncle's echo. My uncle remonstrated with him, but the man said, 'I own one end of this echo; I choose to kill my end; you must take care of your own end yourself.'

"Well, my uncle got an injunction put on him. The other man appealed and fought it in a higher court. They carried it on up, clear to the Supreme Court of the United States. It made no end of trouble there. Two of the judges believed that an echo was personal property, because it was impalpable to sight and touch, and yet was purchasable, saleable, and consequently taxable: two others believed that an echo was real estate, because it was manifestly attached to the land, and was not removable from place to place; other of the judges contended that an echo was not property at all.

“It was finally decided that the echo was property; that the hills were property; that the two men were separate and independent owners of the two hills, but tenants in common in the echo; therefore defendant was at full liberty to cut down his hill, since it belonged solely to him, but must give bonds in three million dollars as indemnity for damages which might result to my uncle’s half of the echo. This decision also debarred my uncle from using defendant’s hill to reflect his part of the echo, without defendant’s consent; he must use only his own hill; if his part of the echo would not go, under these circumstances, it was sad, of course, but the court could find no remedy. The court also debarred defendant from using my uncle’s hill to reflect *his* end of the echo, without consent. You see the grand result! Neither man would give consent, and so that astonishing and most noble echo had to cease from its great powers; and since that day that magnificent property is tied up and unsaleable.

“A week before my wedding day, while I was still swimming in bliss, and the nobility were gathering from far and near to honour our espousals, came news of my uncle’s death, and also a copy of his will, making me his sole heir. He was gone; alas! my dear benefactor was no more. The thought surcharges my heart even at this remote day. I

handed the will to the earl ; I could not read it for the blinding tears. The earl read it ; then he sternly said, ' Sir, do you call this wealth ?—but doubtless you do in your inflated country. Sir, you are left sole heir to a vast collection of echoes—if a thing can be called a collection that is scattered far and wide over the huge length and breadth of the American continent. Sir, this is not all ; you are head and ears in debt ; there is not an echo in the lot but has a mortgage on it ! sir, I am not a hard man, but I must look to my child's interest. If you had but one echo which you could honestly call your own—if you had but one echo which was free from incumbrance, so that you could retire to it with my child, and by humble, painstaking industry, cultivate and improve it, and thus wrest from it a maintenance, I would not say you nay ; but I cannot marry my child to a beggar. Leave his side, my darling ; go, sir ; take your mortgage-ridden echoes and quit my sight for ever.'

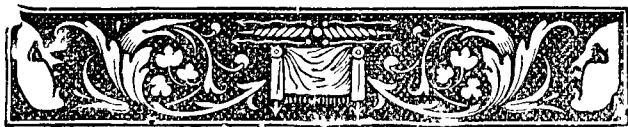
My noble Celestine clung to me in tears, with loving arms, and swore she would willingly, nay, gladly, marry me, though I had not an echo in the world. But it could not be. We were torn asunder—she to pine and die within the twelve-month, I to toil life's long journey sad and lone, praying daily, hourly, for that release which shall join us together again in that dear realm where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at

rest. Now, sir, if you will be so kind as to look at these maps and plans in my portfolio, I am sure I can sell you an echo for less money than any man in the trade. Now this one, which cost my uncle ten dollars, thirty years ago, and is one of the sweetest things in Texas, I will let you have for—"

"Let me interrupt you," I said. "My friend, I have not had a moment's respite from canvassers this day. I have bought a sewing machine which I did not want; I have bought a map which is mistaken in all its details; I have bought a clock which will not go; I have bought a moth poison, which the moths prefer to any other beverage; I have bought no end of useless inventions, and now I have had enough of this foolishness. I would not have one of your echoes if you were even to give it to me. I would not let it stay on the place. I always hate a man that tries to sell me echoes. You see this gun? Now take your collection and move on; let us not have bloodshed."

But he only smiled a sad, sweet smile, and got out some more diagrams. You know the result perfectly well, because you know that when you have once opened the door to a canvasser, the trouble is done, and you have got to suffer defeat.

I compromised with this man at the end of an intolerable hour. I bought two double-barrelled echoes in good condition, and he threw in another, which he said was not saleable because it only spoke German. He said, "She was a perfect polyglot once, but somehow her palate got down."



A SHOCKING STORY!

A TALE OF AN ELECT-TRICK.



SAGE and dignified old gentleman is Uncle Zeke, strictly polite to white ladies and "gemmen," but rather discouraging any familiarity on the part of "dem po' white trash 'as neber was no 'count 'for de war, an ain't so much count now." At church meetings his prayer is the loudest and most earnest, and at the shouting exercises on Sunday nights, when the old man strikes up the hymn,

"Rock o' my sole in de bosom ob Abraham,
Rock o' my soul in de bosom ob Abraham,
Rock o' my soul in de bosom ob Abraham,
Lord, Rock o' my soul."

his feet begin to move before the end of the first verse, and ere the close of the second he is jumping with a vigour indicative of the highest internal happiness and peace. Uncle Zeke always was re-

markable for religious enthusiasm. His white wool curling close to his head, a fringe of snowy whisker surrounding his coffee-coloured face, seamed and criss-crossed with wrinkles, and a benevolent smile upon his lips, he might sit to a painter as a model for an African bishop or for Uncle Tom.

And Uncle Zeke can talk too. Step into his cabin, having been properly introduced—for Uncle Zeke is apt to resent intrusion, and “don’t make much ’count o’ strange white folks ’quirin’ round,” and the old man shall spin you yarns like any man-o’-war’s man. With a flask of whisky (for Uncle Zeke is no believer in temperance) or a bit of tobacco and a few civil words, you may keep him telling stories the livelong day—tales of the old days when he and his were slaves; how his first wife was taken from him. “Yes, sar; done sole her ’way, an’ ’e chillun too. Pow’ful fine woman she was, Nancy; hear ole marster say she done fotch de rise o’ twel’ hundred dollars—ke! ke!” And the old man chuckles as he recalls the pecuniary value of the abducted Nancy. He can tell you, too, how in old times the river swarmed with fish, and was bottomed with oysters. “But sence de war de boys dey done go iseterin so much dey broke up all de iseters, an’ ’pears like de fish dey done gone too. Well, well; ole man done see it all.” Or if you wish to investigate the workings of the negro mind

and learn its superstitions and its reasoning powers, you can have no better opportunity than in a talk with Uncle Zeke. Talk to him, as I did one day, about spiritualism, and listen to the old man's views on that point. "Well, now, I tell you, Mis' Long, you's got addication an' all dat; but dere's a heap o' curus tings in dis worl' can' no man make out. I done had some queer sperences myself. I 'tell you some'in' happen me when I's a chile. Ain' ..eber tole you disser story 'fore, 'cause dem fool chillun allers been roun', an' 'pears like dey ain' got no 'spect for grey hairs: laugh at ole man jus' like he's a young gal or boy. Well, well, chillun is mighty curus, dat's sartin. Sarvent, Mis' Long, I take a small piece tobacco, sence you's so kind—sarvent, sar.

"When I's a chile an' live to ole Maje Warner up in Gloucester dere—ah! had pow'ful fine place, de maje; flowers an' hot house an' fruit, an' ebery ting o' de bes' could be had for money. An' ole Maje Warner he pow'ful fond o' water melons; ebery year done sot out a patch, an' had de fus melons in all de neighbourhood. An' one year melons dey was skase; mos' all de crop done fail; all de neighbours got none, an' ole maje he on'y make out raise a few.

"Well, sar, one night de han's dey sont me in de patch fur git some melon, an' I take four. Next

mornin.' Ole marster call all de han's togedder, an' 'low he miss four melon, an' dey mus' stole 'em. Den he ax each one, 'Boy, you take dem melon?' Ebery one say, 'No, sar.' Den ole maje say, 'I gwine fine out 'bout 'dis ting.' An' he sont in de chicken yard an' cotch big rooster, an' put him in de ole kitchen, an' put big iron pot atop o' him. Den he make ebery man put his han' on dat pot, an' ax him ef he stole dem melon. By-an'-by come my turn. Ole maje say, 'Zeke, you steal dem melon?' I say, 'No, sar.' An' dat rooster he crow—'ke! ke!' Yes, sar, crow right out jus' like he was sayin' 'Zeke, you's a-lyin'' Den ole maje say, 'Zeke, you's the man.' I say, 'Yes, sar, no use fur 'ny it now. An' den I cotch a lickin' Now how you s'pose dat ar rooster know I take dem melon? Tell you, sar, is some tings white folks don' un'stan', nor cullud pussons neider."

But there is one of his experiences that Uncle Zeke can never be persuaded to relate. No matter now he may be pressed, he has but one invariable answer, "Oh, g'way Mis' Long; dat all foo'ishness; don't like talk 'bout dat ar, noway." And if the questioning be pushed too far, old Zeke is apt to turn crusty, and will break off the conference with, "mus' scuse me now, Sar; I got go iseterin," and hobble off to his canoe, muttering in high dudgeon. So, since the old man will not tell the story himself, I must do the best I can to relate it for him.

No man, however pure, can entirely escape the voice of slander, and there are not wanting unregenerate and narrow-minded people who aver that Uncle Zeke, with all his outward piety and obsequious respectfulness, is, as they phrase it, "one grand old scoundrel." Certain it is that, either in direct answer to prayer or in some equally abnormal manner, the necessities of Mr. Foster are often supplied with wonderful promptitude. Other darkies may be prevented by hard weather from oystering for days together, but Uncle Zeke always has a bushel or two to carry to "de sto'" to exchange for groceries; and his canoe is often seen at night in suspicious proximity to beds of planted oysters. He grows little corn, but somehow never wants for meal; and though fried chicken is no unusual dish at his table, his stock of fowls seems never to diminish. But let us not be too hard upon Uncle Zeke's speculative peculiarities. Slavery was a wretched school of morality, and the man who saw all the fruits of his labour absorbed by another, naturally enough thought little harm of the abstraction of an occasional chicken or casual piece of meat.

Some years ago there moved to the neighbourhood of Uncle Zeke's cabin a gentleman from New York, whose identity may be disguised under the name of Smith. The new-comer engaged vigor-

ously in farming, and by liberal employment and prompt payment, soon gained the goodwill of all the coloured men around him. Uncle Zeke in particular was never weary of chanting his praises, and many a bushel of oysters did Ezekiel convert into money at Bellevue, as Smith's estate was called. But all the goodwill of his humble neighbours did not suffice to protect Mr. Smith from pilferings. Shoats would disappear mysteriously during the night, geese and turkeys would take wing for parts unknown, and in particular, the corn-crib would frequently show by unmistakable signs that its sanctity had been violated. To the story of these various losses would Uncle Zeke incline a sympathetic ear, and his "Well, now, who ever hear the like o' dat? clar to goodness dese yer boys is gittin' wusser an' wusser," evidenced alike his detestation of the crime and his contempt for the offender.

Smith's patience was at last exhausted, and he determined upon vigorous measures for the protection of his property. His first experiment was to place a large spring rat-trap, artistically concealed in a heap of shelled corn, close by the cat hole in the corn-crib door, expecting that the unwary thief, plunging his hand recklessly through the hole into the heap, would be caught and held till someone came to set him free. But lo! next

morning the trap was found sprung, and the heap of corn diminished, but the thief had vanished and left no trace behind.

At last a good-sized box arrived from New York, and the next day the local carpenter was ordered to fix two brass handles to the corn-crib; one to be put alongside the door for convenience, as Mr. Smith publicly explained, of steadying one's self while turning the other. The second handle had a latch attached to it by which the door was secured on the inside, and was set in such a position that any one turning it must hold on by the other knob to prevent being thrown backward by the opening door. Both handles were profusely decorated with glass, and elicited much admiration from the hands, who submitted them to a critical examination. The carpenter's work being finished, Smith, in presence of all his coloured employés, solemnly repeated, in front of the corn-crib, the first two lines of the second book of Virgil's *Æneid*, and announced that his corn was thenceforward secure. A box, stated to contain seeds, was that afternoon deposited in the crib, and during the early part of the ensuing night the proprietor of Bellevue secretly busied himself with a coil of insulated wire.

Numerous and diverse were the speculations among the darkies. Jim Oakley "lowed Mis

Smith done 'witched dat ar corn-house, sho 'nuff. Tell you, gemmen, you touch dem 'ere handles, evil sperit carry you 'way. No such ting's evil sperit? How you know dere no such ting? Hush, boy; go see what de Bible say 'bout dem ting." Pete Lee "didn't b'lieve in no sperits; got a gun fix somewhar inside dat house; turn de handle an' de gun go off. Seen dem tings afore up country, when I live in Goozleum." Another theorist averred that "while Mis' Smith sayin' dat ar Scriptur ober dem handles, he seen a white pigeon come a-sailing' roun' an' roun' an' roun', and done light on de peak o' de corn-house roof. High! tell you, Sar sumpin up, sho."

Uncle Zeke, like the rest, was troubled in his mind, but, unlike his fellows, he determined to waste no time in speculation, but to seek his information direct from head-quarters. Prepared with half a bushel of oysters, as an excuse for conversation, he sought an interview with Mr. Smith, and boldly propounded his questions.

"Mis' Smith, what you bin a-doin' to dat ar crib o' yourn?"

"Why, Uncle Zeke, what do you want to know for?"

"Oh, nuffin, Sar; sorter curus like. Hearn all de boys talkin' 'bout it—neber see nuffin like dat afore."

"Well, Uncle Zeke, I can't very well explain it to you; but I just advise you—don't go near that

crib after dark, or you may see something you won't like." And Uncle Zeke departed, revolving many things in his mind.

It was midnight—the hour when churchyards are said to yawn, not with exhaustion, but returning animation. In front of the enchanted corn-house stood Brother Ezekiel, a lengthy pole in his hand and a capacious meal bag over his shoulder. In silent meditation he stood for some five minutes, deliberating on the best plan of attack. The great Newfoundland watch-dog bounded towards him, evidently in rejoicing welcome. Forth from his pocket the old man drew a savoury bit of fried bacon, which the faithless Bos'en eagerly devoured. The refecton ended, the dog lay contentedly on the ground, and watched the subsequent proceedings with the air of a totally disinterested observer.

"Clar to goodness, now," muttered Uncle Zeke, "wish't I un'stood 'bout dis ting. Can' be no spring trap like a las' time, kase how he gwine to spring froo de do'? Ke! ke! Done bodder Mis' Smith sho' nuff when he find dat ole rat-trap sprong and nuffin cotch. High! Can' fool disser chile wid no traps. No, sar! done see too much for dat."

Uncle Zeke paused, scratched his head meditatively, and then resumed his soliloquy:

"Well, I declar', if disser don' beat preachin'! Mus' be a gun in dar. Ef ain' no gun, den dere

aint nuffin dere—all foo'shness. Anyway, l's gwine for try him."

Uncle Zeke threw his bag to the ground, stepped to one side of the house, and with his pole struck a sharp blow on the brass nob nearest him. Nothing followed. He pried against it with his stick, but still without effect. He went to the other side of the house and repeated his experiments on the second knob, but still all remained quiet.

Uncle Zeke now drew from his pocket a skeleton key, mounted the ladder, and in a trice had opened the padlock which held the door.

"Dar, now, jus' 's I t'ought. De boss done humbug dem fool nigger, make um tink disser house am witched. Ain' nuffin dar, sho 'nuff."

The old darkey reached up and cautiously turned the handle. The door opened a little, and, casting away all fear, Uncle Zeke boldly reached for the other knob, to steady himself while he swung back the door.

Literally like a flash of lightning the electric discharge passed through him. The muscles of his fingers contracted, and he could not release his hold of the enchanted handles. At last his feet slipped from the ladder, and the weight of his body tore his hands adrift. Like a log the old man dropped to the ground, and lay groaning, praying, and generally bewildered.

"Oh, de lawsgoramity! Oh, my heavenly Marster! Who eber t'ought e' dat! My consc'ence done wake up! my consc'ence done wake up! Heern 'bout it often, an' now I knows it. Oh, my heavenly Marster! ef you lets up on me dis time, Uncle Zeke neber touch nuffin no mo'. 'Clar to goodness I's a change' man f'om dis day. B—r-r-r-r—" And what with the shock, the fright, and the fall, Uncle Zeke's senses seemed leaving him.

"EZEKIEL!" said a solemn voice.

"Instinctively Uncle Zeke answered "Here me," and looked in the direction of the sound. Oh, horror! A figure clad in white was nearing him with slow and solemn steps. As the mysterious visitor approached, it seemed to rise until it towered to the height of at least ten feet. The wretched Ezekiel, on his hands and knees, his eyes protruding, and his jaw dropped, remained as if paralysed.

Suddenly the phantom bowed itself, and its head descending with incredible swiftness, smote the unfortunate Uncle Zeke senseless to the earth.

Three days later, as poor Uncle Zeke lay, racked with rheumatism and tormented with spiritual fear, upon his bed in the single room at his cabin, the door opened, and in walked Mr. Smith, of Bellevue.

"Good morning, Uncle Zeke. Why, what's the matter with you, old man?"

"Oh, Mis' Smith! oh, Mis' Smith! I done had some turrible sperences lately. De angel ob de Lord done wrastle wid me, an' my consc'ence done woke, an', oh my heabenly Marster, I's one sufferin' sinner. Mis' Smith, is you bin—is you done—is you m-miss anyting wid dat ar c-corn-house o' yourn?"

"No, indeed, Uncle Zeke; nobody been near it. Everything all right now."

"An' nobody done touch de lock? Do' lock ebery mornin'?"

"Yes, indeed. Why, who do you think would touch it, old man?"

Uncle Zeke answered not, but his lips moved convulsively as he muttered, "Knock me down fus', an' den lock de do' an' took de key. Now I *knows* it was de angel ob de Lord."

Needless to say that thenceforward Smith's premises were safe. Pigs might squeal, "Take me out, take me out;" barn and corn-crib might be left open; but the rumour of Uncle Zeke's terrible experience had gone abroad among the darkies, and not a man of them could have been induced for love or money to land on the shores of Bellevue after dark. Smith judiciously kept his counsel, and it was many months before he related to me

how, with a powerful galvanic battery, he had shocked poor Uncle Zeke's nerves, and with the aid of a mask and a sheet on a hickory pole, enacted an elongating ghost. But he seldom failed when he met Uncle Zeke, to inquire into the state of his conscience; and the awakened and repentant African would roll his eyes piously upward and reply—

“Much better, sar, t'ank de Lord. Ain' trouble me in long time now, sar.”

But no persuasion has ever induced Uncle Zeke to relate the history of that awful night when his conscience awoke to trouble him, and the angel of the Lord appeared and smote him.





MARK TWAIN'S FINE OLD MAN.

JOHN WAGNER, the oldest man in Buffalo—one hundred and four years old—recently walked a mile and a half in two weeks.

He is as cheerful and bright as any of these other old men that charge around so in the newspapers, and in every way as remarkable.

Last November he walked five blocks in a rain-storm, without any shelter but an umbrella, and cast his vote for Grant, remarking that he had voted for forty-seven Presidents—which was a lie.

His "second crop" of rich brown hair arrived from New York yesterday, and he has a new set of teeth coming—from Philadelphia.

He is to be married next week to a girl one hundred and two years old, who still takes in washing.

They have been engaged eighty years, but their parents persistently refused their consent until three days ago.

John Wagner is two years older than the Rhode Island veteran, and yet has never tasted a drop of liquor in his life—unless—unless you count whisky.



MARK TWAIN'S REMARKABLE STRANGER.

Being a Sandwich Island Reminiscence.

[On second thoughts I will insert the following chapter from the book I am writing. It will serve to show that the volume is not going to be merely entertaining, but will be glaringly instructive as well. I have related one or two of these incidents before lecture audiences, but have never printed any of them before.—M.T.]



HAD barely finished my simple statement when the stranger at the other corner of the room spoke out with rapid utterance and feverish anxiety :—

“ Oh, that was certainly remarkable, after a fashion, but you ought to have seen *my* chimney—you ought to have seen *my* chimney, sir ! Smoke ! Humph ! I wish I may hang if—Mr. Jones, *you* remember that chimney—you *must* remember that chimney ! No, no—I recollect, now, you

warn't living on this side of the island then. But I am telling you nothing but the truth, and I wish I may never draw another breath if that chimney didn't smoke so that the smoke actually got *caked* in it and I had to dig it out with a pickaxe! You may smile, gentlemen, but the High Sheriff's got a hunk of it which I dug out before his eyes, and so it's perfectly easy for you to go and examine for yourselves."

The interruption broke up the conversation, which had already begun to lag, and we presently hired some natives and an out-rigger canoe or two, and went out in the roaring surf to watch the children at their sport of riding out to sea perched on the crest of a gigantic wave.

Two weeks after this, while talking in a company, I looked up and detected this same man boring through and through me with his intense eye, and noted again his twitching muscles and his feverish anxiety to speak.

The moment I paused, he said:—

"*Beg* your pardon, sir, beg your pardon, but it can only be considered remarkable when brought into strong outline by isolation.

"Sir, contrasted with a circumstance which occurred in my own experience, it instantly becomes commonplace.

"No, not that—for I will not speak so discour-

reously of any experience in the career of a stranger and a gentleman, but I am *obliged* to say that you could not and you *would* not ever again refer to this tree as a *large* one, if you could behold, as I have, the great Yakmatack tree, in the island of Ounaska, sea of Kamtschatka—a tree, sir, not one inch less than four hundred and fifteen feet in solid diameter!—and I wish I may die in a minute if it isn't so!

"Oh, you needn't look so questioning, gentlemen; here's old Cap. Saltmarsh can say whether I know what I'm talking about or not.

"I showed him the tree."

Captain Saltmarsh. — "Come, now, eat your anchor, lad—you're heaving too taut.

"You *promised* to show me that stunner, and I walked more than eleven mile with you through the cussedest aggravatingest jungle *I* ever see, a-hunting for it; but the tree you showed me finally warn't as big around as a beer cask, and *you* know that your own self, Markiss."

"Hear the man talk!

"Of *course* the tree was reduced that way, but didn't I explain it?

"Answer me, didn't I?

"Didn't I say I wished you could have seen it when *I* first saw it?

"When you got up on your car and called me

names, and said I had brought you eleven miles to look at a sapling, didn't I *explain* to you that all the whaleships in the North Seas had been wooding off of it for more than twenty-seven years?

"And did you s'pose the tree could last *for-ever*, *con-found* it?

"I don't see why you want to keep back things that way, and try to injure a person that's never done *you* any harm."

Somehow this man's presence made me uncomfortable, and I was glad when a native arrived at that moment to say that Muckawow, the most companionable and luxurious among the rude war-chiefs of the Islands, desired us to come over and help him enjoy a missionary whom he had found trespassing on his grounds.

I think it was about ten days afterwards that, as I finished a statement I was making for the instruction of a group of friends and acquaintances, and which made no pretence to be extraordinary, a familiar and hated voice chimed instantly in on the heels of my last word, and said :—

"But, my dear sir, there was *nothing* remarkable about that horse, or the circumstance either—nothing in the world !

"I mean no sort of offence when I say it, sir, but you really do not know anything whatever about speed. Bless your heart, if you could only have

seen my mare Margaretta; *there* was a beast!—*there* was lightning for you! Trot! Trot is no name for it—she flew! How she *could* whirl a buggy along! I started her out once, sir—Colonel Bilgewater, *you* recollect that animal perfectly well—I started her out about thirty or thirty-five yards ahead of the awfulest storm I ever saw in my life, and it chased us upwards of eighteen miles! It did by the everlasting hills! And I am telling you nothing but the unvarnished truth when I say that not one single drop of rain fell on me—not a single *drop*, sir! And I swear to it! But my dog was a-swimming behind the wagon all the way!”

For a week or two I stayed mostly within doors, for I seemed to meet this person everywhere, and he had become utterly hateful to me.

But one evening I dropped in on Captain Perkins and his friends, and we had a sociable time.

About ten o'clock I chanced to be talking about a merchant friend of mine, and without really intending it, the remark slipped out that he was a little mean and parsimonious about paying his workmen.

Instantly, through the steam of a hot whisky punch on the opposite side of the room, a remembered voice shot—and for a moment I trembled on the imminent verge of profanity:

"Oh, my dear sir, really you expose yourself when you parade *that* as a suprising circumstance.

"Bless your heart and hide, you are ignorant of the very A B C of meanness ! ignorant as the unborn babe ! ignorant as unborn *twins* !

"You don't know *anything* about it !

"It is pitiable to see you, sir, a well-spoken and repossessing stranger, making such an enormous pow-wow here about a subject concerning which your ignorance is perfectly ghastly !

"Look me in the eye, if you please ; look me in the eye.

"John James Godfrey was the son of poor but honest parents in the State of Mississippi—boyhood friend of mine—bosom comrade in later years.

"Heaven rest his noble spirit, he is gone from us now.

"John James Godfrey was hired by the Hay-blossom Mining Company in California to do some blasting for them—the 'Incorporated Company of Mean Men,' the boys used to call it.

"Well, one day he drilled a hole about four feet deep and put in an awful blast of powder, and was standing over it ramming it down with an iron crowbar about nine foot long, when the cussed thing struck a spark and fired the powder, and scat ! away John Godfrey whizzed like a sky-rocket, him and his crowbar !

"Well, sir, he kept on going up in the air higher and higher, till he didn't look any bigger than a boy—and he kept going on up higher and higher, till he didn't look any bigger than a doll—and he kept on going up higher and higher till he didn't look any bigger than a little small bee—and then he went out of sight !

"Presently he came in sight again, looking like a little small bee—and he came along down further and further, till he looked as big as a doll again—and down further and further, till he was as big as a boy again—and further and further, till he was a full-sized man once more ; and him and his crow bar came a-whizzing down, and lit right exactly in the same old tracks and went to r-ramming down, and r-ramming down, and r-ramming down again, just the same as if nothing had happened !

"Now don't you know that poor cuss warn't gone only sixteen minutes, and yet that Incorporated Company of Mean Men DOCKED HIM FOR THE LOST TIME !"

I said I had the headache, and so excused myself and went home.

And on my diary I entered "another night spoiled" by this offensive loafer.

And a fervent curse was set down with it to keep the item company.

And the very next day I packed up, out of all patience, and left the Islands.

Almost from the very beginning, I regarded that man as a story teller.

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The line of points represents an interval of years.

At the end of which time the opinion hazarded in that last sentence came to be gratifyingly and remarkably endorsed, and by wholly disinterested persons.

The man Markiss was found one morning hanging to a beam of his own bedroom (the doors and windows securely fastened on the inside), dead, and on his breast was pinned a paper in his own handwriting begging his friends to suspect no innocent person of having anything to do with his death, for that it was the work of his own hands entirely.

Yet the jury brought in the astounding verdict that deceased came to his death "by the hands of some person or persons unknown!"

They explained that a perfectly undeviating consistency of Markiss's character for thirty years towered aloft as colossal and indestructible testimony that whatever statement he chose to make was entitled to instant and unquestioning acceptance as a *falsehood*.

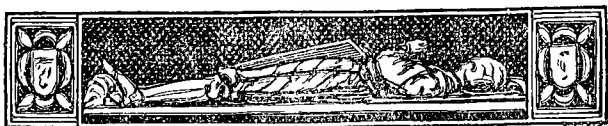
And they furthermore stated their belief that

he was not dead, and instanced the strong circumstantial evidence of his own word that he *was* dead—and beseeched the coroner to delay the funeral as long as possible, which was done.

And so in the tropical climate of Lahaina the coffin stood open for seven days, and then even the loyal jury gave him up.

But they sat on him again, and changed their verdict to “suicide induced by mental aberration” “because,” said they, with penetration, “he said he was dead, and he *was* dead; and would he have told the truth if he had been in his right mind? No, sir.”





A WHOPPER!



ES, I remember very well that Yankee standing at a tavern door, in the lower part of Jersey, watching a funeral pass by.

At the head of it was a large manure cart, moving along very slowly, and making no effort to turn out for the procession.

The Yankee was astonished at this want of attention on the part of the driver of said cart, and turning to me, who was standing, he remarked :—

“I guess the folks ain’t very perlite about here; tu hum, where I live, they always turn out for a funeral.”

“Oh, that’s part of the procession,” says I sort of gravely.

“Du tell! Yeou don’t say so! How!” exclaimed the Yankee.

“Why, you see,” says I, “it is a very poor sandy soil about here, and nothing comes up they plant, unless they manure it well; so when they bury a fellow down in these parts they throw a whole cart-load of manure in the grave to make him rise at the judgment day.”



MARK TWAIN'S TONE-IMPARTING COMMITTEE.



WHEN I get old and ponderously respectable, only one thing will be able to make me truly happy, and that will be to be put on the Venerable Tone-Imparting Committee of the city of New York, and have nothing to do but sit on the platform, solemn and imposing, along with Peter Cooper, Horace Greeley, etc., etc., and shed momentary fame at second-hand on obscure lecturers, draw public attention to lectures which would otherwise clack eloquently to sounding emptiness, and subdue audiences into respectful hearing of all sorts of unpopular and outlandish dogmas and isms.

That is what I desire for the cheer and gratification of my gray hairs.

Let me but sit up there with those fine relics of the old Red Sandstone Period and give Tone to an intellectual entertainment twice a week, and

be so reported, and my happiness will be complete.

Those men have been my envy for a long, long time.

And no memories of my life are so pleasant as my reminiscence, of their long and honourable career in the Tone-imparting service.

I can recollect the first time I ever saw them on the platform just as well as I can remember the events of yesterday.

Horace Greeley sat on the right, Peter Cooper on the left, and Thomas Jefferson, Red Jacket, Benjamin Franklin, and John Hancock sat between them.

This was on the 22nd of December, 1799, on the occasion of the state funeral of George Washington in New York.

It was a great day, that—a great day, and a very, very sad one.

I remember that Broadway was one mass of black crape from Castle Garden nearly up to where the City Hall now stands.

The next time I saw these gentlemen officiate was at a ball given for the purpose of procuring money and medicines for the sick and wounded soldiers and sailors.

Horace Greeley occupied one side of the platform on which the musicians were exalted, and Peter Cooper the other.

There were other Tone-imparters attendant upon the two chiefs, but I have forgotten their names now.

Horace Greeley, grey-haired and beaming, was in sailor costume—white duck pants, blue shirt, open at the breast, large neckerchief, loose as an ox-bow, and tied with a jaunty sailor knot, broad turnover collar with star in the corner, shiny black little tarpaulin hat roosting daintily far back on head, and flying two gallant long ribbons.

Slippers on ample feet, round spectacles on benignant nose, and pitchfork in hand, completed Mr. Greeley, and made him in my boyish admiration, every inch a sailor, and worthy to be the honoured great-grandfather of the Neptune he was so ingeniously representing.

I shall never forget him.

Mr. Cooper was dressed as a general of militia, and was dismally and oppressively warlike.

I neglected to remark, in the proper place, that the soldiers and sailors in whose aid the ball was given had just been sent in from Boston—this was during the war of 1812.

At the grand national reception of Lafayette, in 1824, Horace Greeley sat on the right and Peter Cooper on the left.

The other Tone-imparters of that day are now sleeping the sleep of the just.

I was in the audience when Horace Greeley, Peter Cooper, and other chief citizens imparted Tone to the great meeting in favour of French liberty, in 1848.

Then I never saw them any more until here lately; but now that I am living tolerably near the city, I run down every time I see it announced that "Horace Greeley, Peter Cooper, and several other distinguished citizens will occupy seats on the platform;" and next morning when I read in the first paragraph of the phonographic report that "Horace Greeley, Peter Cooper, and several other distinguished citizens occupied seats on the platform," I say to myself, "Thank God, I was present."

Thus I have been enabled to see these substantial old friends of mine sit on the platform and give Tone to lectures on anatomy, and lectures on agriculture, and lectures on stirpiculture, and lectures on astronomy, on chemistry, on miscegenation, on "Is Man Descended from the Kangaroo?" on veterinary matters, on all kinds of religion, and several kinds of politics; and have seen them give Tone and grandeur to the Four-legged Girl; the Siamese Twins, the Great Egyptian Sword Swallower, and the Old Original Jacobs.

Whenever somebody is to lecture on a subject not of general interest, I know that my venerated

Remains of the Old Red Sandstone Period will be on the platform; whenever a lecturer is to appear whom nobody has heard of before, nor will be likely to seek to see, I know that the real benevolence of my old friends will be taken advantage of, and that they will be on the platform (and in the bills) as an advertisement; and whenever any new and obnoxious deviltry in philosophy, morals, or politics is to be struck upon the people, I know perfectly well that these intrepid old heroes will be on that platform too, in the interest of full and free discussion, and to crush down all narrower and less generous souls with the solid dead weight of their awful respectability.

And let us all remember that while these inveterate and imperishable presiders (if you please) appear on the platform every night in the year as regularly as the volunteered piano from Steinway's or Chickering's, and have bolstered up and given Tone to a deal of questionable merit and obscure emptiness in their time, they have also diversified this inconsequential service by occasional powerful uplifting and upholding of great progressive ideas, which smaller men feared to meddle with or countenance.





RIGGING THE MARKET.



OUR friend Blucher, up at Virginia, is smart. Finding, as he suspected, that he had sundry rivals in a certain young lady's affections, he concluded to freeze them out at one fell swoop. So a few days ago, when Yellow Jacket stock was up to 90 dols. per share, he visited the fair one, and delighted her with the generous present of ten shares of that stock, confidently remarking to her as follows:—

“Now, darling, you just hold on to this a few days. It's now up, and it's going up to a big figure. I'm on the inside, and know all about it. Hold on to it and it will make your fortune.”

Just exactly as he expected, she told her friends—his rivals. They got excited, and all went in for Yellow Jacket. They even pawned their watches and jewelry, and borrowed all they could, buying Yellow Jacket at thirty days' margin, and having to put up 25 per cent., of course.

Jacket is now down below their margin, and those rivals are now all bursted out. No show for them now, and Blucher enjoys love and revenge alone.



EXTRAORDINARY FISHING.

T WAS once on Lake Winnipisiogee, in the winter, fishing for pickerel," says Brown. "It was awful cold, and the ice was four and a half feet thick. Father was with me, and while I was thrashing my hands to keep 'em warm, I noticed that dad had an all-fired hard bite. It was so hard that it jerked the old feller through the hole in the ice, and I thought he was a goner; but just then I remembered that dad was awful fond of rum and tobacco, so I out with a piece of nigger-head, soaks it in rum for a minute, and then baits my hook with the weed, and drops it through the hole what the old gentleman went into, and in less than ten minutes, gentlemen, I had a bite, and up I hauls the old man, as fresh as ever. But, gentlemen, he kept the tobacco."

A prolonged whistle on the part of the audience, as though the yarn was not believed.

"It's a fact, gentlemen," continued Brown, "and

that reminds me of another story, which I don't mind tellin' One winter I was crossing the lake on the ice, and as I was goin' to a raisin', I had an inch augur in my hand. All at once I thought I'd like to see how thick the ice was, so I dropped my carpenter plumb line through the augur hole, and hang me if I didn't have a savage bite afore the lead touched bottom. I pulled up, and landed a seven-pound pickerel."

Another prolonged whistle, and some one asked Brown how a seven-pound fish could get through an augur hole.





MARK TWAIN AT NIAGARA FALLS.

Mark Twain visited Niagara Falls ; he was seeking out the curiosities that are said to abound at this celebrated resort, when he suddenly found what he styles :

THE NOBLE RED MAN.



HE Noble Red Man has always been a friend and darling of mine. I love to read about him in tales and legends and romances. I love to read of his inspired sagacity ; and his love of the wild, free life of mountain and forest ; and his general nobility of character, and his stately metaphorical manner of speech, and his chivalrous love for the dusky maiden, and the picturesque pomp of his dress and accoutrements. Especially the picturesque pomp of his dress and accoutrements. When I found the shops at Niagara Falls full of dainty Indian bead-work, and stunning moccasins, and equally stunning toy figures representing human beings who carried their weapons in holes bored

through their arms and bodies, had feet shaped like a pie, I was filled with emotion. I knew that now, at last, I was going to come face to face with the Noble Red Man.

A lady clerk in a shop told me, indeed, that all her grand array of curiosities, were made by the Indians, and that they were plenty about the Falls, and that they were friendly, and it would not be dangerous to speak to them. And sure enough, as I approached the bridge leading over to Luna Island, I came upon a noble Son of the Forest sitting under a tree, diligently at work on a bead reticule. He wore a slouch hat and brogans, and had a short black pipe in his mouth. Thus does the baneful contact with our effeminate civilization dilute the picturesque pomp which is so natural to the Indian when far removed from us in his native haunts. I addressed the relic as follows:—

“Is the Wawhoo-Wang-Wang of the Whack-a-Whack happy? Does the great Speckled Thunder sigh for the war path, or is his heart contented with dreaming of the dusky maiden, the Pride of the Forest? Does the mighty Sachem yearn to drink the blood of his enemies, or is he satisfied to make bead reticules for the pappooses of the pale face? Speak, sublime relic of bygone grandeur—venerable ruin, speak!”

The relic said:—

"An' is it mesilf, Dennis Hooligan, that ye'd be takin' for a bloody Injin, ye drawlin', lantern-jawed, spider-legged divil! By the piper that played before Moses, I'll ate ye!"

I went away from there.

By-and-by, in the neighbourhood of the Terapin Tower, I came upon a gentle daughter of the aborigines, in fringed and beaded buckskin moccasins and leggings, seated on a bench, with her pretty wares about her. She had just carved out a wooden chief that had a strong family resemblance to a clothes-pin, and was now boring a hole through his abdomen to put his bow through. I hesitated a moment, and then addressed her:—

"Is the heart of the forest maiden heavy? Is the Laughing-Tadpole lonely? Does she mourn over the extinguished council-fires of her race, and the vanished glory of her ancestors? Or does her sad spirit wander afar toward the hunting-grounds whither her brave Gobbler-of-the-Lightnings is gone? Why is my daughter silent? Has she aught against the paleface stranger?"

The maiden said:—

"Faix, an' is it Biddy Malone ye dare to be callin' names? Lave this, or I'll shy your lean carcass over the cataract, ye sniveling blaggard."

I adjourned from there also.

"Confound these Indians," I said. "They told

me they were tame ; but, if appearances should go for anything, I should say they were all on the war path."

I made one more attempt to fraternise with them, and only one. I came upon a camp of them gathered in the shade of a great tree, making wampum and moccasins, and addressed them in the language of friendship :

"Noble Red Men, Braves, Grand Sachems, War Chiefs, Squaws, and High Muck-a-Mucks,—the pale face from the land of the setting sun greets you ! You, Beneficent Polecat—you, Devourer of Mountains—you, Roaring Thundergust—you, Bully Boy with a Glass Eye—the pale face from beyond the great waters greets you all ! War and pestilence have thinned your ranks, and destroyed your once proud nation. Poker and seven-up, and a vain modern expense for soap, unknown to your glorious ancestors, have depleted your purses. Appropriating, in your simplicity, the property of others, has gotten you into trouble. Misrepresenting facts, in your simple innocence, has damaged your reputation with the soulless usurper. Trading for forty-rod whisky to enable you to get drunk and happy, and tomahawk your families, has played the everlasting mischief with the picturesque pomp of your dress ; and here you are, in the broad light of the nineteenth century, gotten up like the tag-

rag and bobtail of the purlieus of New York! For shame! Remember your ancestors! Recall their mighty deeds! Remember Uncas!—and Red Jacket!—and Hole in the Day!—and Horace Greeley! Emulate their achievements! Unfurl yourselves under my banner, noble savages, illustrious gutter-snipes——”

“Down wid him!” “Scoop the Blaggard!”
“Burn him!” “Hang him!” “Dhrown him!”

It was the quickest operation that ever was. I simply saw a sudden flash in the air of clubs, brickbats, fists, bead baskets, and moccasins—a single flash, and they all appeared to hit me at once, and no two of them in the same place. In the next instant the entire tribe was upon me. They tore all the clothes off me, they broke my hands and legs, they gave me a thump that dented the top of my head till it would hold coffee like a saucer; and, to crown their disgraceful proceedings and add insult to injury, they threw me over the Horseshoe Fall, and I got wet.

About ninety or a hundred feet from the top, the remains of my vest caught on a projecting rock, and I was almost drowned before I could get loose. I finally fell, and was brought up in a world of white foam at the foot of the Fall, whose celled and bubbly masses towered up several inches above my head. Of course I got into the eddy.

I sailed round and round in it forty-four times—chasing a chip and gaining on it—each round trip a half mile—reaching for the same bush on the bank forty-four times, and just exactly missing it by a hair's-breadth every time.

At last a man walked down and sat down close to that bush, and put a pipe in his mouth, and lit a match, and followed me with one eye and kept the other on the match, while he sheltered it in his hands from the wind. Presently a puff of wind blew it out. The next time I swept around he said :

“Got a match?”

“Yes, in my other vest. Help me out please.”

“Not for Joe.”

When I came round again, I said :—

“Excuse the seemingly impertinent curiosity of a drowning man, but will you explain this singular conduct of yours?”

With pleasure. I am the coroner. Don't hurry on my account. I can wait for you. But I wish I had a match.”

I said: “Take my place, and I'll go and get you one.”

He declined. This lack of confidence on his part created a coldness between us, and from that time forward I avoided him. It was my idea, in case anything happened to me, to so time the

occurrence as to throw my custom into the hand of the opposition coroner over on the American side.

At last a policeman came along, and arrested me for disturbing the peace by yelling at people on shore for help. The Judge fined me but I had the advantage of him. My money was with my pantaloons, and my pantaloons were with the Indians.

Thus I escaped. I am now lying in a very critical condition. At least I am lying anyway—critical or not critical.

I am hurt all over, but I cannot tell the full extent yet, because the doctor is not done taking the inventory. He will make out my manifest this evening. However, thus far he thinks only six of my wounds are fatal. I don't mind the others.

Upon regaining my right mind, I said :—

“It is an awful savage tribe of Indians that do the bead work and moccasins for Niagara Falls, doctor. Where are they from ?”

“Limerick my son.”

I shall not be able to finish my remarks about Niagara Falls until I get better.





SENDING THEM THROUGH.

BEN Halliday was a man of prodigious energy, who used to send mails and passengers flying across the continent in his overland stage-coaches like a very whirlwind—two thousand long miles in fifteen days and a half, by the watch! But this fragment of history is not about Ben Halliday, but about a young New York boy by the name of Jack, who travelled with our small party of pilgrims in the Holy Land* (and who had gone to California in Mr. Halliday's overland coaches three years before, and had by no means forgotten it or lost his gushing admiration of Mr. H.)

Aged nineteen, Jack was a good-hearted and well-meaning boy, who had been reared in the city of New York, where although he learnt a great many useful things, his Scriptural education had been a good deal neglected—to such a degree, indeed, that

* See "The Innocents Abroad."

all Holy Land history was fresh and new to him, and all Bible names mysteries that had never disturbed his virgin ear. Also in our party was an elderly pilgrim who was the reverse of Jack, in that he was learned in the Scriptures and an enthusiast concerning them. He was our encyclopedia, and we were never tired of listening to his speeches, nor he of making them. He never passed a celebrated locality, from Bashan to Bethlehem, without illuminating it with an oration. One day, when camped near the ruins of Jericho, he burst forth with something like this:—

“Jack, do you see that range of mountains over yonder that bounds the Jordan valley? The mountains of Moab, Jack! Think of it, my boy—the actual mountains of Moab—renowned in Scripture history! We are standing face to face with those illustrious crags and peaks—and for all we know (dropping his voice impressively) *our eyes may be resting at this very moment upon the spot WHERE LIES THE MYSTERIOUS GRAVE OF MOSES!* Think of it, Jack!”

“Moses *what?*” (falling inflection.)

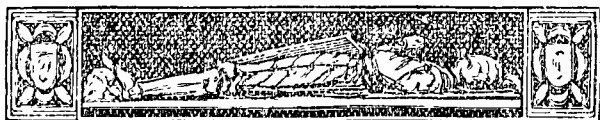
“Moses *what?* Jack, you ought to be ashamed of your criminal ignorance. Why, Moses was the great guide, soldier, poet, lawgiver of ancient Israel! Jack, from where we stand, to Egypt, stretches a fearful desert three hundred miles in

extent—and across that desert that wonderful man brought the Children of Israel!—guiding them with unfailing sagacity for forty years over the sandy desolation and among the obstructing rocks and hills, and landed them at last, safe and sound, within sight of this very spot; and where we now stand they entered the Promised Land with anthems of rejoicing! It was a wonderful, wonderful thing to do, Jack! Think of it!”

“Forty years? Only three hundred miles? Humph! Ben Halliday would have fetched them through in thirty-six hours!”

The boy meant no harm. He did not know that he had said anything that was wrong or irreverent. And so no one scolded him or felt offended with him—and nobody *could*, but some ungenerous spirit incapable of excusing the heedless blunders of a boy.





A CURIOUS DREAM.

CONTAINING A MORAL.

NIGHT before last I had a singular dream. I seemed to be sitting on a doorstep (in no particular city, perhaps) ruminating, and the time of night appeared to be about twelve or one o'clock. The weather was balmy and delicious. There was no human sound in the air, not even a footstep. There was no sound of any kind to emphasise the dead stillness, except the occasional hollow barking of a dog in the distance and the fainter answer of a further dog. Presently up the street I heard a bony clack-clacking, and guessed it was the castanets of a serenading party. In a minute more a tall skeleton, hooded, and half clad in a tattered and mouldy shroud whose shreds were flapping about the ribby lattice-work of its person, swung by me with a stately stride, and disappeared in the grey gloom of the starlight. It had a broken and worm-eaten coffin on its shoulder and a bundle of something in its hand. I knew

what the clack-clacking was then; it was this party's joints working together, and his elbows knocking against his sides as he walked. I may say I was surprised. Before I could collect my thoughts and enter upon any speculations as to what this apparition might portend, I heard another one coming—for I recognized his clack-clack. He had two-thirds of a coffin on his shoulder, and some foot and head-boards under his arm. I mightily wanted to peer under his hood and speak to him, but when he turned and smiled upon me with his cavernous sockets and his projecting grin as he went by, I thought I would not detain him. He was hardly gone when I heard the clacking again, and another one issued from the shadowy half-light. This one was bending under a heavy gravestone, and dragging a shabby coffin after him by a string. When he got to me he gave me a steady look for a moment or two and then rounded to and backed up to me, saying "Ease this down for a fellow, will you?" I eased the gravestone down till it rested on the ground, and in doing so noticed that it bore the name of "John Baxter Copmanhurst," with "May, 1839," as the date of his death. Deceased sat wearily down by me, and wiped his os frontis with his major maxillary—chiefly from former habit I judged, for I could not see that he brought away any perspiration.

"It is too bad, too bad," said he, drawing the remnant of the shroud about him and leaning his jaw pensively on his hand. Then he put his left foot up on his knee and fell to scratching his ankle bone absently with a rusty nail which he got out of his coffin.

"What is too bad, friend?"

"Oh, everything, everything. I almost wish I never had died."

"You surprise me. Why do you say this? Has anything gone wrong? What is the matter?"

"Matter! Look at this shroud — rags. Look at this gravestone, all battered up. Look at that disgraceful old coffin. All a man's property going to ruin and destruction before his eyes, and ask him if anything is wrong? Fire and brimstone!"

"Calm yourself, calm yourself," I said. "It is too bad—it is certainly too bad, but then I had not supposed that you would much mind such matters, situated as you are."

"Well, my dear sir, I *do* mind them. My pride is hurt, and my comfort is impaired—destroyed, I might say. I will state my case — I will put it to you in such a way that you can comprehend it, if you will let me," said the poor skeleton, tilting the hood of his shroud back, as if he were clearing for action, and thus unconsciously giving himself a jaunty and festive air very much at variance

with the grave character of his position in life—so to speak—and in prominent contrast with his distressful mood.

“Proceed,” said I.

“I reside in the shameful old graveyard a block or two above you here, in this street—there, now, I just expected that cartilage would let go!—third rib from the bottom, friend, hitch the end of it to my spine with a string, if you have got such a thing about you, though a bit of silver wire is a deal pleasanter, and more durable and becoming, if one keeps it polished—to think of shredding out and going to pieces in this way, just on account of the indifference and neglect of one’s posterity!”—and the poor ghost grated his teeth in a way that gave me a wrench and a shiver—for the effect is mightily increased by the absence of muffling flesh and cuticle. “I reside in that old graveyard, and have for these thirty years; and I tell you things are changed since I first laid this old tired frame there, and turned over, and stretched out for a long sleep, with a delicious sense upon me of being *done* with bother, and grief, and anxiety, and doubt, and fear, for ever and ever, and listening with comfortable and increasing satisfaction to the sexton’s work, from the startling clatter of his first spadeful on my coffin till it dulled away to the faint patting that shaped the roof of my new

home—delicious ! My ! I wish you could try it to-night ! ” and out of my reverie deceased fetched me with a rattling slap with a bony hand.

“ Yes, sir, thirty years ago I laid me down there, and was happy. For it was out in the country, then—out in the breezy, flowery, grand old woods, and the lazy winds gossipped with the leaves, and the squirrels capered over us and around us, and the creeping things visited us, and the birds filled the tranquil solitude with music. Ah, it was worth ten years of a man’s life to be dead then ! Everything was pleasant. I was in a good neighbourhood, for all the dead people that lived near me belonged to the best families in the city. Our posterity appeared to think the world of us. They kept our graves in the very best condition ; the fences were always in faultless repair, headboards were kept painted or whitewashed, and were replaced with new ones as soon as they began to look rusty or decayed ; monuments were kept upright, railings intact and bright, the rosebushes and shrubbery trimmed, trained, and free from blemish, the walks clean and smooth and gravelled. But that day is gone by. Our descendants have forgotten us. My grandson lives in a stately house built with money made by these old hands of mine, and I sleep in a neglected grave with invading vermin that gnaw my shroud to build their nests withal ! I and

friends that lie with me founded and secured the prosperity of this fine city, and the stately bantling of our loves leaves us to rot in a dilapidated cemetery which neighbours curse and strangers scoff at. See the difference between the old time and this, for instance. Our graves are all caved in, now ; our head-boards have rotted away and tumbled down ; our railings reel this way and that, with one foot in the air, after a fashion of unseemly levity ; our monuments lean wearily, and our gravestones bow their heads discouraged ; there be no adornments any more—no roses, nor shrubs, nor gravelled walks, nor anything that is a comfort to the eye, and even the paintless old board fence that did make a show of holding us sacred from companionship with beasts and the defilement of heedless feet, has tottered till it overhangs the street, and only advertises the presence of our dismal resting place and invites yet more derision to it. And now we cannot hide our poverty and tatters in the friendly woods, for the city has stretched its withering arms abroad and taken us in, and all that remains of the cheer of our old home is the cluster of lugubrious forest trees that stand, bored and weary of city life, with their feet in our coffins, looking into the hazy distance and wishing they were there. I tell you it is disgraceful !

“You begin to comprehend—you begin to see

how it is. While our descendants are living sumptuously on our money, right around us in the city, we have to fight hard to keep skull and bones together. Bless you, there isn't a grave in our cemetery that doesn't leak—not one. Every time it rains in the night we have to climb out and roost in the trees—and sometimes we are awakened suddenly by the chilly water trickling down the back of our necks. Then I tell you there is a general heaving up of old graves and kicking over of old monuments, and scampering of old skeletons for the trees! Bless me, if you had gone along there some such nights after twelve you might have seen as many as fifteen of us roosting on one limb, with our joints rattling drearily and the wind wheezing through our ribs! Many a time we have perched there for three or four dreary hours, and then come down, stiff and chilled through and drowsy, and borrowed each other's skulls to bale out our graves with—if you will glance up in my mouth, now as I tilt my head back, you can see that my head-piece is half full of old dry sediment—how top-heavy and stupid it makes me sometimes! Yes, sir, many a time if you had happened to come along just before the dawn you'd have caught us baling out the graves and hanging our shrouds on the fence to dry. Why, I had an elegant shroud stolen from there one morning—think

a party by the name of Smith took it, that resides in a plebeian graveyard over yonder—I think so because the first time I ever saw him he hadn't anything on but a check-shirt, and the last time I saw him, which was at a social gathering in the new cemetery, he was the best dressed corpse in the company—and it is a significant fact that he left when he saw me; and presently an old woman from here missed her coffin—she generally took it with her when she went anywhere, because she was liable to take cold and bring on the spasmodic rheumatism that originally killed her if she exposed herself to the night air much. She was named Hotchkiss—Anna Matilda Hotchkiss—you might know her? She has two upper front teeth, its all, but a good deal inclined to stoop, one rib on the left side gone, has one shred of rusty hair hanging from the left side of her head, and one little tuft just above and a little forward of her right ear, has her under jaw wired on one side where it had worked loose, small bone of left forearm gone—lost in a fight—has a kind of swagger in her gait and a 'gallus' way of going with her arms akimbo and her nostrils in the air—has been pretty free and easy, and is all damaged and battered up till she looks like a queensware crate in ruins—maybe you have met her?"

"God forbid !" I involuntarily ejaculated, for

somehow I was not looking for that form of question, and it caught me a little off my guard. But I hastened to make amends for my rudeness and say, "I simply meant I had not had the honour—for I would not deliberately speak discourteously of a friend of yours. You were saying that you were robbed—and it was a shame, too—but it appears by what is left of the shroud you have on that it was a costly one in its day. How did——"

A most ghastly expression began to develop among the decayed features and shrivelled integuments of my guest's face, and I was beginning to grow uneasy and distressed, when he told me he was only working up a deep, sly smile, with a wink in it, to suggest that about the time he acquired his present garment a ghost in a neighbouring cemetery missed one. This reassured me, but I begged him to confine himself to speech thenceforth, because his facial expression was uncertain. Even with the most elaborate care it was liable to miss fire. Smiling should especially be avoided. What *he* might honestly consider a shining success was likely to strike me in a very different light. I said I liked to see a skeleton cheerful, even decorously playful, but I did not think smiling was a skeleton's best hold.

"Yes, friend," said the poor skeleton, "the facts are just as I have given them to you. Two

of these old graveyards—the one that I resided in and one further along—have been deliberately neglected by our descendants of to-day until there is no occupying them any longer. Aside from the osteological discomfort of it—and that is no light matter this rainy weather—the present state of things is ruinous to property. We have got to move or be content to see our effects wasted away and utterly destroyed. Now you will hardly believe it, but it is true nevertheless, that there isn't a single coffin in good repair among all my acquaintance—now that is an absolute fact. I do not refer to low people who come in a pine box mounted on an express wagon, but I am talking about your high-toned, silver-mounted burial-case, monumental sort, that travel under black plumes at the head of a procession and have choice of cemetery lots—I mean folks like the Jarvises, and the Bledsoes and Burlings, and such. They are all about ruined. The most substantial people in our set, they were. And now look at them—utterly used up and poverty-stricken. One of the Bledsoes actually traded his monument to a late bar-keeper for some fresh shavings to put under his head. I tell you it speaks volumes, for there is nothing a corpse takes so much pride in as his monument. He loves to read the inscription. He comes after awhile to believe what it says him-

self, and then you may see him sitting on the fence night after night enjoying it. Epitaphs are cheap, and they do a poor chap a world of good after he is dead, especially if he had hard luck while he was alive. I wish they were used more. Now I don't complain, but confidentially I *do* think it was a little shabby in my descendants to give me nothing but this old slab of a gravestone—and all the more that there isn't a compliment on it. It used to have

‘GONE TO HIS JUST REWARD’

on it, and I was proud when I first saw it, but by-and-by I noticed that whenever an old friend of mine came along he would hook his chin on the railing and pull a long face and read along down till he came to that, and then he would chuckle to himself and walk off, looking satisfied and comfortable. So I scratched it off to get rid of those fools. But a dead man always takes a deal of pride in his monument. Yonder goes half-a-dozen of the Jarvises, now, with the family monument along. And Smithers and some hired spectres went by with his a while ago. Hallo, Higgins, good-bye, old friend! That's Meredith Higgins—died in '44—belongs to our set in the cemetery—fine old family—great-grandmother was an Injun—I am on the most familiar terms with him—he didn't hear me was the reason he didn't answer me. And I am sorry, too, because I would have liked

to introduce you. You would admire him. He is the most disjointed, sway-backed, and generally distorted old skeleton you ever saw, but he is full of fun. When he laughs it sounds like rasping two stones together, and he always starts it off with a cheery screech like raking a nail across a window-pane. Hey, Jones! That is old Columbus Jones—shroud cost four hundred dollars—entire trousseau, including monument, twenty-seven hundred. This was in the Spring of '26. It was enormous style for those days. Dead people came all the way from the Alleghanies to see his things—the party that occupied the grave next to mine remembers it well. Now do you see that individual going along with a piece of a head-board under his arm, one legbone below his knee gone, and not a thing in the world on? That is Barstow Dalhouse, and next to Columbus Jones he was the most sumptuously outfitted person that ever entered our cemetery. We are all leaving. We cannot tolerate the treatment we are receiving at the hands of our descendants. They open new cemeteries, but they leave us to our ignominy. They mend the streets, but they never mend anything that is about us or belongs to us. Look at that coffin of mine—yet I tell you in its day it was a piece of furniture that would have attracted attention in any drawing-room in this city. You may have it if you want

it—I can't afford to repair it. Put a new bottom in her, and part of a new top, and a bit of fresh lining along the left side, and you'll find her about as comfortable as any receptacle of her species you ever tried. No thanks—no, don't mention it—you have been civil to me, and I would give you all the property I have got before I would seem ungrateful. Now this winding-sheet is a kind of a sweet thing in its way, if you would like to——. No? Well, just as you say, but I wished to be fair and liberal—there's nothing mean about *me*. Good-bye, friend, I must be going. I may have a good way to go to-night—don't know. I only know one thing for certain, and that is, that I am on the emigrant trail, now, and I'll never sleep in that crazy old cemetery again. I will travel till I find respectable quarters, if I have to hoof it to New Jersey. All the boys are going. It was decided in public conclave, last night, to emigrate, and by the time the sun rises there won't be a bone left in our old habitations. Such cemeteries may suit my surviving friends, but they do not suit the remains that have the honour to make these remarks. My opinion is the general opinion. If you doubt it, go and see how the departing ghosts upset things before they started. They were almost riotous in their demonstrations of distaste. Hallo, here are some of the Bledsoes,

and if you will give me a lift with this tombstone I guess I will join company and jog along with them—mighty respectable old family, the Bledsoes, and used to always come out in six-horse hearses, and all that sort of thing fifty years ago when I walked these streets in daylight. Good-bye, friend."

And with his gravestone on his shoulder he joined the grisly procession, dragging his damaged coffin after him, for notwithstanding he pressed it upon me so earnestly, I utterly refused his hospitality. I suppose that for as much as two hours these sad outcasts went clacking by, laden with their dismal effects, and all that time I sat pitying them. One or two of the youngest and least dilapidated among them inquired about midnight trains on the railways, but the rest seemed unacquainted with that mode of travel, and merely asked about common public roads to various towns and cities, some of which are not on the map now, and vanished from it and from the earth as much as thirty years ago, and some few of them never *had* existed anywhere but on maps, and private ones in real estate agencies at that. And they asked about the condition of the cemeteries in these towns and cities, and about the reputation the citizens bore as to reverence for the dead.

This whole matter interested me deeply, and likewise compelled my sympathy for these homeless

ones. And it all seeming real, and I not knowing it was a dream, I mentioned to one shrouded wanderer an idea that had entered my head to publish an account of this curious and very sorrowful exodus, but said also that I could not describe it truthfully, and just as it occurred, without seeming to trifle with a grave subject and exhibit an irreverence for the dead that would shock and distress their surviving friends. But this bland and stately remnant of a former citizen leaned him far over my gate and whispered in my ear, and said :—

“Do not let that disturb you. The community that can stand such graveyards as those we are emigrating from can stand anything a body can say about the neglected and forsaken dead that lie in them.”

At that very moment a cock crowed, and the weird procession vanished and left not a shred or a bone behind. I awoke, and found myself lying with my head out of the bed, and “sagging” downwards considerably—a position favourable to dreaming dreams with morals in them, maybe, but not poetry.

NOTE.—The reader is assured that if the cemeteries in his town are kept in good order, this Dream is not levelled at his town at all, but is levelled particularly and venomously at the *next* town.



REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER'S FARM.



R. B's farm consists of thirty-six acres, and is carried on on strict scientific principles. He never puts in any part of a crop without consulting his book. He ploughs and reaps and digs and sows according to the best authorities, and the authorities cost more than the other farming implements do. As soon as the library is complete, the farm will begin to be a profitable investment. But book farming has its drawbacks. Upon one occasion, when it seemed morally certain that the hay ought to be cut, the hay book could not be found, and before it was found it was too late and the hay was all spoiled. Mr. Beecher raises some of the finest crops of wheat in the country, but the unfavourable difference between the cost of producing it and its market value after it is produced has interfered considerably with its success as a commercial enter-

prise. His special weakness is hogs, however. He considers hogs the best game a farm produces. He buys the original pig for a dollar and a half, and feeds him forty dollars' worth of corn, and then sells him for about nine dollars. This is the only crop he ever makes any money on. He loses on the corn, but he makes seven dollars and a half on the hog. He does not mind this, because he never expects to make anything on corn, anyway. And any way it turns out, he has the excitement of raising the hog any how, whether he gets the worth of him or not. His strawberries would be a comfortable success if the robins would eat turnips, but they won't, and hence the difficulty.

One of Mr. Beecher's most harassing difficulties in his farming operations comes of the close resemblance of different sorts of seeds and plants to each other. Two years ago his farsightedness warned him that there was going to be a great scarcity of water melons, and therefore he put in a crop of seven acres of that fruit. But when they came up they turned out to be pumpkins, and a dead loss was the consequence. Sometimes a portion of his crop goes into the ground the most promising sweet potatoes, and comes up the most execrable carrots. When he bought his farm he found one egg in every hen's nest on the place. He said that here was just the reason why so many

farmers failed—they scattered their forces too much—concentration was the idea. So he gathered those eggs together, and put them all under one experienced hen. That hen roosted over the contract night and day for many weeks, under Mr. Beecher's personal supervision, but she could not "phase those eggs. Why? Because they were those shameful porcelain things which are used by modern farmers as "nest eggs."

Mr. Beecher's farm is not a triumph. It would be easier if he worked it on shares with some one; but he cannot find anybody who is willing to stand half the expense, and not many that are able. Still, persistence in any cause is bound to succeed. He was a very inferior farmer when he first began, but a prolonged and unflinching assault upon his agricultural difficulties has had its effect at last, and he is now fast rising from affluence to poverty.





A NEW BEECHER CHURCH.



F the Rev. Mr. Smith, or the Rev. Mr. Jones, or the Rev. Mr. Brown, were about to build a new church edifice, it would be projected on the same old pattern, and be pretty much like all the other churches in the country, and so I would naturally mention it as a new Presbyterian church, or a new Methodist, or a new Baptist church, and never think of calling it by the pastor's name ; but when a Beecher projects a church, that edifice is necessarily going to be something entirely fresh and original ; it is not going to be like any other church in the world ; it is going to be as variegated, eccentric, and marked with as peculiar and striking an individuality as a Beecher himself ; it is going to have a deal more Beecher in it than any one narrow creed can fit into without rattling, or any one arbitrary order of architecture can symmetrically enclose and cover. Consequently to call it simply a Congregational church would not give half an idea

of the thing. There is only one word broad enough, and wide enough, and deep enough to take in the whole affair, and express it clearly, luminously, and concisely—and that is *Beecher*. The projected edifice I am about to speak of is, therefore, properly named in my caption as a new "*Beecher Church*."

The projector is the Rev. Thomas K. Beecher—brother of the other one, of course—I never knew but one Beecher that wasn't, and *he* was a nephew. The new church is to be built in Elmira, N. Y., where Mr. B. has been preaching to one and the same congregation for the last sixteen years, and is thoroughly esteemed and beloved by his people. I have had opportunity to hear all about the new church, for I have lately been visiting in Elmira.

Now, when one has that disease which gives its possessor the title of "humorist," he must make oath to his statements, else the public will not believe him. Therefore I make solemn oath that what I am going to tell about the new church is the strict truth.

The main building—for there are to be three, massed together in a large grassy square, ornamented with quite a forest of shade trees—will be the church proper. It will be lofty, in order to secure good air and ventilation. The auditorium will be *circular*—an amphitheatre, after the ordi-

uary pattern of an opera-house, *without galleries*. It is to seat a thousand persons. On one side (or one end, if you choose) will be an ample, raised platform for the minister, the rear half of which will be occupied by the organ and the choir. Before the minister will be the circling amphitheatre of pews, the first thirty or forty on the level floor, and the next rising in graduated tiers to the walls. The seats on the level floor will be occupied by the aged and infirm, who can enter the church through a hall under the speaker's platform, without climbing any stairs. The people occupying the raised tiers will enter by a dozen doors opening into the church from a lobby like an opera-house lobby, and descend the various aisles to their places. In case of fire or earthquakes, these numerous exits will be convenient and useful.

No space is to be wasted. Under the raised tiers of pews are to be stalls for horses and carriages, so that these may be sheltered from sun and rain. There will be twenty-four of these stalls, each stall to be entered by an arch of ornamental masonry—no doors to open or shut. Consequently, the outside base of the church will have a formidable port-holed look, like a man-of-war. The stalls are to be so mailed with “deadeners,” and so thoroughly plastered, that neither sound nor smell can ascend to the church and offend the worshippers

The horses will be in attendance at church but an hour or two at a time, of course, and can defile the stalls but little; an immediate cleansing after they leave is to set that all right again.

There is to be no steeple on the church—merely because no practical use can be made of it.

There is to be no bell, because all men know what time church service begins without that exasperating nuisance. In explanation of this remark, I will state that at home I suffer in the vicinity and under the distracting clangour of thirteen church bells, all of whom (is that right?) clamour at once, and no two in accord. A large part of my time is taken up in devising cruel and unusual sufferings and in fancy inflicting them on those bell-ringers and having a good time.

The second building is to be less lofty than the church; is to be built right against the rear of it, and communicate with it by a door. It is to have two stories. On the first floor will be three distinct Sunday school rooms; all large, but one considerably larger than the other two. The Sunday school connected with Mr. Beecher's church has always been a "graded" one, and each department singularly thorough in its grade of instruction; the pupil wins his advancement to the higher grades by hard-won proficiency not by mere added years. The largest of the three compartments will be used

as the main Sunday school room, and for the week-day evening lecture.

The whole upper story of this large building will be well lighted and ventilated, and occupied wholly as a play-room for the children of the church, and it will stand open and welcome to them through all the week-days. They can fill it with their play-things if they choose, and besides it will be furnished with dumb-bells, swings, rocking-horses, and all such matters as children delight in. The idea is to make a child look upon a church as only another *home*, and a sunny one, rather than as a dismal exile or a prison.

The third building will be less lofty than the second ; it will adjoin the rear of the second, and communicate with it by a door or doors. It will consist of three stories. Like the other two buildings, it will cover considerable ground. On the first floor will be the "church parlours" where the usual gatherings of modern congregations are held. On the same floor, and opening into the parlours, will be a reception-room, and also a circulating library—a *free* library—not simply free to the church membership, but to everybody, just as is the present library of Mr. Beecher's church (and few libraries are more extensively and more diligently and gratefully used than this one). Also on this first floor, and communicating with the parlours, will

be—tell it not in Gath, publish it not in Askelon !—six *bath-rooms* !—hot and cold water—free tickets issued to any applicant among the unclean of the congregation ! The idea is sound and sensible, for this reason. Many members of all congregations have no good bathing facilities, and are not able to pay for them at the barber-shops without feeling the expense; and yet a luxurious bath is a thing that all civilized beings greatly enjoy and derive healthful benefit from. The church buildings are to be heated by steam, and consequently the waste steam can be very judiciously utilised in the proposed bath-rooms. In speaking of this bath-room project, I have revealed a state secret—but I never could keep one of any kind, state or otherwise. Even the congregation were not to know of this matter, the building committee were to leave it unmentioned in their report; but I got hold of it—and from a member of that committee, too—and I had rather part with one of my hind legs than keep still about it. The bath-rooms are unquestionably to be built, and so why not tell it ?

In the second story of this third building will be the permanent residence of the “church missionary,” a lady who constantly looks after the poor and sick of the church; also a set of lodging and living rooms for the janitors (or janitresses ?—for they will be women, Mr. Beecher holding that

women are tidier and more efficient in such a position than men, and that they ought to dwell upon the premises and give them their undivided care); also on this second floor are to be six rooms to do duty as a church infirmary for the sick poor of the congregation, this church having always supported and taken care of its own unfortunates instead of leaving them to the public charity. In the infirmary will be kept one or two water-beds (for invalids whose pains will not allow them to lie on a less yielding substance), and half-a-dozen reclining invalid-chairs on wheels. The water-beds and invalid-chairs at present belonging to the church are always in demand and never out of service. Part of the appurtenances of the new church will be a horse and a easy vehicle, to be kept and driven by a janitor, and used wholly for giving the church's indigent invalids air and exercise. It is found that such an establishment is daily needed—so much so, indeed, as to almost amount to a church necessity.

The third story of this third building is to be occupied as the church *kitchen*, and it is sensibly placed aloft, so that the ascending noises and boarding-house smells shall go up and aggravate the birds instead of the saints—except such of the latter as are above the clouds, and they can easily keep out of the way of it, no doubt. Dumb waiters will

carry the food *down* to the church parlours, instead of up. Why is it that nobody has thought of the simple wisdom of this arrangement before? Is it for a church to step forward and tell us how to get rid of kitchen smells and noises? If it be asked why the new church will need a kitchen, I remind the reader of the infirmary occupants, etc. They must eat; and, besides, social gatherings of members of this congregation meet at the church parlours as often as three and four evenings a week, and sew, drink tea, and g——. G——. It commences with g, I think, but somehow I cannot think of the word. The new church parlours will be large, and it is intended that these social gatherings shall be promoted and encouraged, and that they shall take an added phase, viz.: when several families want to indulge in a little reunion, and have not room in their small houses at home, they can have it in the church parlours. You will notice in every feature of this new church one predominant idea and purpose discernable—the banding together of the congregation as a *family*, and the making of the church a *home*. You see it in the play-room, the library, the parlours, the baths, the infirmary—it is everywhere. It is the great central, ruling idea. To entirely consummate such a thing would be impossible with nearly any other congregation in the Union; but after sixteen years

of moulding and teaching, Mr. Beecher has made it wholly possible and practicable with this one. It is not stretching metaphor too far to say that he is the father of his people, and his church their mother.

If the new church project is a curiosity, it is still but an inferior curiosity compared to the plan of raising the money for it. One could have told, with his eyes shut and one hand tied behind him, that it originated with a Beecher—I was going to say with a lunatic, but the success of the plan robs me of the opportunity.

When it was decided to build a new church edifice at a cost of not less than 40,000 dollars nor more than 50,000 dollars (for the membership is not three hundred and fifty strong, and there are not six men in it who can strictly be called rich), Mr. Beecher gave to each member a printed circular worded as follows—each circular enclosed in an envelope prepaid and addressed to himself, to be returned through the post office:—

[CONFIDENTIAL.]

It is proposed to build a meeting-house and other rooms for the use of the Church. To do this work honestly and well, it is proposed to spend *one year* in raising a part of the money *in advance*, and in getting plans and making contracts.

1 year—plans and contracts	Ap. 1, 1871, to 1872
„ „ build and cover in	„ 1872, „ 1873
„ „ plaster, finish, and furnish	„ 1873, „ 1874
„ „ pay for in full and dedicate	„ 1874, „ 1875

It is proposed to spend not less than twenty thousand dollars nor more than fifty thousand—according to the ability shown by the returns of these cards of *confidential* subscription. Any member of the Church and congregation, or any friend of the Church, is allowed and invited to subscribe, but no one is urged.

T. K. BEECHER, Pastor.

To help build our meeting-house, I think that I shall be able to give not less than \$, and no more than \$, each year for four years, beginning April 1, 1871.

Or I can make in one payment \$.

Trusting in the Lord to help me, I hereby subscribe the same as noted above.

Name, .

Residence, .

The subscriptions were to be wholly *voluntary* and strictly *confidential*; no one was to know the amount of a man's subscription except himself and the minister; nobody was *urged* to give anything at all; all were simply invited to give whatever sum they felt was right and just, from ten cents upward, and no questions asked, no criticisms made, no revealments uttered. There was no possible chance for glory, for even though a man gave his whole fortune nobody would ever know it. I do not know when anything has struck me as being so utopian, so absurdly romantic, so ignorant, on its face, of human nature. And so anybody would have thought. Parties said Mr. Beecher had "educated"

his people, and that each would give as he privately felt able, and not bother about the glory. I believed human nature to be a more potent educator than any minister, and that the result would show it. But I was wrong. At the end of a month or two, some two-thirds of the circulars had wended back, one by one to the pastor, silently and secretly, through the post-office, and then, without mentioning the name of any giver or the amount of his gift, Mr. Beecher announced from the pulpit that all the money needed was pledged—the *certain* amount being over 45,000 dollars, and the possible amount over 53,000 dollars! When the remainder of the circulars have come in, it is confidently expected and believed that they will add to these amounts a sum of not less than 10,000 dollars. A great many subscriptions from children and working men consisted of cash enclosures ranging from a ten cent currency stamp up to five, ten, and fifteen dollars. As I said before, the plan of levying the building tax, and the success of the plan, are much more curious and surprising than the exceedingly curious edifice the money is to create.

The reason the moneys are to be paid in four annual instalments—for that is the plan—is, partly to make the payments easy, but chiefly because the church is to be substantially built, and its several parts allowed time to settle and season, each in

its turn. For instance, the substructures will be allowed a good part of the first year to settle and compact themselves after completion; the walls the second year, and so forth and so on. There is to be no work done by contract, and no unseasoned wood used. The materials are to be sound and good; and honest, competent, conscientious workmen (Beecher says there are such, the opinion of the world to the contrary notwithstanding) hired at full wages, by the day, to put them together.

The above statements are all true and genuine, according to the oath I have already made thereto, and which I am now about to repeat before a notary, in legal form, with my hand upon the Book. Consequently we are going to have at least one sensible, but very, very curious church in America.

I am aware that I had no business to tell all these matters, but the reporter instinct was strong upon me and I could not help it. And besides they were in everybody's mouth in Elmira anyway.





PERSONAL HABITS OF THE SIAMESE TWINS.



DO not wish to write of the personal *habits* of these strange creatures solely, but also of certain curious details of various kinds concerning them, which, belonging only to their private life, have never crept into print. Knowing the Twins intimately, I feel that I am peculiarly well qualified for the task I have taken upon myself.

The Siamese Twins are naturally tender and affectionate in disposition, and have clung to each other with singular fidelity throughout a long and eventful life. Even as children they were inseparable companions; and it was noticed that they always seemed to prefer each other's society to that of any other persons. They nearly always played together; and so accustomed was their mother to this peculiarity, that, whenever both of them chanced to be lost, she usually only hunted for one of them—satisfied that when she found that one

she would find his brother somewhere in the immediate neighbourhood. And yet these creatures were ignorant and unlettered—barbarians themselves, and the offspring of barbarians, who knew not the light of philosophy and science. What a withering rebuke is this to our boasted civilisation, with its quarrellings, its wranglings, and its separations of brothers !

As men, the Twins have not always lived in perfect accord ; but, still, there has always been a bond between them which made them unwilling to go away from each other and dwell apart. They have even occupied the same house, as a general thing, and it is believed that they have never failed to even sleep together on any night since they were born. How surely do the habits of a life-time become second nature to us ! The Twins always go to bed at the same time but Chang usually gets up about an hour before his brother. By an understanding between themselves, Chang does all the in-door work, and Eng runs all the errands. This is because Eng likes to go out ; Chang's habits are sedentary. However, Chang always goes along. Eng is a Baptist, but Chang is a Roman Catholic ; still, to please his brother, Chang consented to be baptized at the same time that Eng was, on condition that it should not "count." During the War they were strong partisans, and both fought gal-

lantly all through the great struggle—Eng on the Union side, and Chang on the Confederate. They took each other prisoners at Seven Oaks, but the proofs of capture were so evenly balanced in favour of each that a general army court had to be assembled to determine which one was properly the captor and which the captive. The jury was unable to agree for a long time; but the vexed question was finally decided by agreeing to consider them both prisoners, and then exchanging them. At one time Chang was convicted of disobedience of orders, and sentenced to ten days in the guard-house; but Eng, in spite of all arguments, felt obliged to share his imprisonment, notwithstanding he himself was entirely innocent; and so, to save the blameless brother from suffering, they had to discharge both from custody—the just reward of faithfulness.

Upon one occasion the brothers fell out about something, and Chang knocked Eng down, and then tripped and fell on him, whereupon both clinched and began to beat and gouge each other without mercy, The bystanders interfered and tried to separate them, but they could not do it, and so allowed them to fight it out. In the end both were disabled, and were carried to the hospital on one and the same shutter.

Their ancient habit of going always together had

its drawbacks when they reached man's estate and entered upon the luxury of courting. Both fell in love with the same girl. Each tried to steal clandestine interviews with her, but at the critical moment the other would always turn up. By-and-by Eng saw, with distraction, that Chang had won the girl's affections; and from that day forth, he had to bear with the agony of being a witness to all their dainty billing and cooing. But, with a magnanimity that did him infinite credit, he succumbed to his fate, and gave countenance and encouragement to a state of things that bade fair to sunder his generous heart-strings.

He sat from seven every evening until two in the morning listening to the fond foolishness of the two lovers, and to the concussion of hundreds of squandered kisses—for the privilege of sharing only one of which he would have given his right hand. But he sat patiently, and waited, and gaped, and yawned, and stretched, and longed for two o'clock to come. And he took long walks with the lovers on moonlight evenings—sometimes traversing ten miles, notwithstanding he was usually suffering from rheumatism. He is an inveterate smoker; but he could not smoke on these occasions, because the young lady was painfully sensitive to the smell of tobacco. Eng cordially wanted them married, and done with; but, although Chang

often asked the momentous question, the young lady could not gather sufficient courage to answer it while Eng was by. However, on one occasion, after having walked some sixteen miles, and sat up till nearly daylight, Eng dropped asleep, from sheer exhaustion, and then the question was asked and answered. The lovers were married. All acquainted with the circumstances applauded the noble brother-in-law. His unwavering faithfulness was the theme of every tongue. He had staid by them all through their long and arduous courtship; and when, at last, they were married, he lifted up his hands above their heads, and said with impressive unction, "Bless ye, my children, I will never desert ye!" and he kept his word. Magnanimity like this is all too rare in this cold world.

By-and-by Eng fell in love with his sister-in-law's sister, and married her, and since that day they have all lived together, night and day, in an exceeding sociability, which is touching and beautiful to behold, and is a scathing rebuke to our boasted civilisation.

The sympathy existing between these two brothers is so close and so refined that the feelings, the impulses, the emotions of the one are instantly experienced by the other. When one is sick, the other is sick; when one feels pain, the other feels it; when one is angered, the other's temper takes

fire. We have already seen with what handy facility they both fell in love with the same girl. Now, Chang is bitterly opposed to all forms of intemperance, on principle ; but Eng is the reverse—for, while these men's feelings and emotions are so closely wedded, their reasoning faculties are unfettered; their *thoughts* are free. Chang belongs to the Good Templars, and is a hard-working and enthusiastic supporter of all temperance reforms. But, to his bitter distress, every now and then Eng gets drunk, and, of course, that makes Chang drunk too. This unfortunate thing has been a great sorrow to Chang, for it almost destroys his usefulness in his favourite field of effort. As sure as he is to head a great temperance procession Eng ranges up alongside of him, prompt to the minute, and drunk as a lord ; but yet no more dismally and hopelessly drunk than his brother, who has not tasted a drop. And so the two begin to hoot and yell, and throw mud and bricks at the Good Templars ; and, of course, they break up the procession. It would be manifestly wrong to punish Chang for what Eng does, and, therefore, the Good Templars accept the untoward situation, and suffer in silence and sorrow. They have officially and deliberately examined into the matter, and find Chang blameless. They have taken the two brothers and filled Chang full of warm water and

sugar, and Eng full of whiskey, and in twenty-five minutes it was not possible to tell which was the drunkest. Both were as drunk as loons—and on hot whiskey punches, by the smell of their breath. Yet all the while Chang's moral principles were unsullied, his conscience clear; and so all just men were forced to confess that he was not morally, but only physically drunk. By every right and every moral evidence the man was strictly sober; and, therefore, it caused his friends all the more anguish to see him shake hands with the pump and try to wind his watch with his night-key.

There is a moral in these solemn warnings—or, at least, a warning in these solemn morals; one or the other. No matter, it is somehow. Let us heed it; let us profit by it.

I could say more of an instructive nature about these interesting beings, but let what I have written suffice.

Having forgotten to mention it sooner, I will remark, in conclusion, that the ages of the Siamese Twins are respectively fifty-one and fifty-three years.





THE JUMPING FROG OF CALAVERAS COUNTY.



IN compliance with the request of a friend of mine, who wrote me from the East, I called on good-natured, garrulous old Simon Wheeler, and inquired after my friend's friend, *Leonidas W. Smiley*, as requested to do, and I hereunto append the result. I have a lurking suspicion that *Leonidas W. Smiley* is a myth; that my friend never knew such a personage; and that he only conjectured that, if I asked old Wheeler about him, it would remind him of his infamous *Jim Smiley*, and he would go to work and bore me nearly to death with some infernal reminiscence of him as long and tedious as it should be useless to me. If that was the design it certainly succeeded.

I found Simon Wheeler dozing comfortably by the bar-room stove of the old, dilapidated tavern in the ancient mining camp of Angels and I noticed

that he was fat, and bald-headed, and had an expression of winning gentleness and simplicity upon his tranquil countenance. He roused up and gave me good-day. I told him a friend of mine had commissioned me to make some enquiries about a cherished companion of his boyhood named *Leonidas W Smiley*—*Rev. Leonidas W Smiley*, a young minister of the gospel, who he had heard was at one time a resident of Angel's Camp. I added that, if Mr. Wheeler could tell me anything about this Rev. Leonidas W Smiley, I would feel under many obligations to him.

Simon Wheeler backed me into a corner, and blockaded me there with his chair, and then sat me down and reeled off the monotonous narrative which follows this paragraph. He never smiled, he never frowned, he never changed his voice from the gentle-flowing key to which he tuned the initial sentence, he never betrayed the slightest suspicion of enthusiasm; but all through the interminable narrative there ran a vein of impressive earnestness and sincerity, which showed me plainly that, so far from his imagining that there was anything ridiculous or funny about his story, he regarded it as a really important matter, and admired its two heroes as men of transcendent genius in *finesse*. To me, the spectacle of a man drifting serenely along through such a queer yarn

without ever smiling, was exquisitely absurd. As I said before, I asked him to tell what he knew of Rev. Leonidas W Smiley, and he replied as follows. I let him go on in his own way, and never interrupted him once:—

There was a feller here once by the name of *Jim* Smiley, in the winter of '49—or may be it was the spring of '50—I don't recollect exactly, somehow, though what makes me think it was one or the other is because I remember the big flume wasn't finished when he first came to the camp; but anyway, he was the curiosest man about always betting on anything that turned up you ever see, if he could get anybody to bet on the other side; and if he couldn't, he'd change sides. Anyway that suited the other man would suit him—anyway just so's he got a bet, *he* was satisfied. But still he was lucky, uncommon lucky; he most always come out winner. He was always ready and laying for a chance: there couldn't be no solit'ry thing mentioned but that feller 'd offer to bet on it, and take any side you please, as I was just telling you. If there was a horse-race, you'd find him flush, or you'd find him busted at the end of it; if there was a dog-fight he'd bet on it; if there was a cat-fight he'd bet on it; if there was a chicken-fight, he'd bet on it; why, if there was two birds setting on a fence, he would bet you

which one would fly first ; or if there was a camp-meeting, he would be there reg'lar to bet on Parson Walker, which he judged to be the best exhorter about here, and so he was, too, and a good man. If he even seen a straddle-bug start to go anywheres, he would bet you how long it would take him to get wherever he was going to, and if you took him up, he would foller that straddle-bug to Mexico, but what he would find out where he was bound for and how long he was on the road. Lots of the boys here has seen that Smiley, and can tell you about him. Why, it never made no difference to *him*—he would bet on *any* thing—the dangdest feller. Parson Walker's wife laid very sick once, for a good while, and it seemed as if they warn't going to save her ; but one morning he come in, and Smiley asked how she was, and he said she was considerable better—thank the Lord for his inf'nit mercy—and coming on so smart that, with the blessing of Prov'dence, she'd get well yet ; and Smiley, before he thought, says, " Well, I'll risk two-and-a-half that she don't, anyway."

Thish-yer Smiley had a mare—the boys called her the fifteen-minute nag, but that was only in fun, you know, because, of course, she was faster than that—and he used to win money on that horse, for all she was so slow and always had the asthma, or the distemper, or the consumption, or

something of that kind. They used to give her two or three hundred yards' start, and then pass her under way; but always at the fag end of the race she'd get excited and desperate-like, and come cavorting and straddling up, and scattering her legs around limber, sometimes in the air, and sometimes out to one side amongst the fences, and kicking up m-o-r-e dust and raising m-o-r-e racket with her coughing and sneezing and blowing her nose—and always fetch up at the stand just about a neck ahead, as near as you could cypher it down.

And he had a little small bull pup, that to look at him you'd think he wan't worth a cent, but to set around and look ornery, and lay for a chance to steal something. But as soon as money was upon him, he was a different dog; his under-jaw 'd begin to stick out like the fo'castle of a steamboat, and his teeth would uncover, and shine savage like the furnaces. And a dog might tackle him, and bully-rag him, and bite him, and throw him over his shoulder two or three times, and Andrew Jackson—which was the name of the pup—Andrew Jackson would never let on but what *he* was satisfied, and hadn't expected nothing else—and the bets being doubled and doubled on the other side all the time, till the money was all up; and then all of a sudden he would grab that other dog jest by the j'int of his hind leg and freeze to it—not chaw, you under-

stand, but only jest grip and hang on till they throwed up the sponge, if it was a year. Smiley always came out winner on that pup, till he harnessed a dog once that didn't have no hind legs, because they'd been saw'd off by a circular saw, and when the thing had gone along far enough, and the money was all up, and he come to make a snatch for his pet holt, he saw in a minute how he'd been imposed on, and how the other dog had him in the door, so to speak, and he 'peared surprised, and then he looked sorter discouraged-like, and didn't try no more to win the fight, and so he got shucked out bad. He give Smiley a look, as much as to say his heart was broke, and it was *his* fault, for putting up a dog that hadn't no hind legs for him to take holt of, which was his main dependence in a fight, and then he limped off a piece and laid down and died. It was a good pup, that Andrew Jackson, and would have made a name for hisself if he'd lived, for the stuff was in him, and he had genius—I know it, because he hadn't had no opportunities to speak of, and it don't stand to reason that a dog could make such a fight as he could under them circumstances, if he hadn't no talent. It always makes me feel sorry when I think of that iast fight of his'n, and the way it turned out.

Well, this-yer Smiley had rat-terriers, and chicken cocks, and tom-cats, and all them kind of things,

till you couldn't rest, and you could'nt fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day, and took him home, and said he cal'klated to edercate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet you he *did* learn him, too! He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut—see him turn one summerset, or may be a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed and all right like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of catching flies, and kept him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as far as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do most anything—and I believe him. Why, I've seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on this floor—Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog—and sing out, “ Flies, Dan'l, flies!” and quicker'n you could wink, he'd spring straight up, and snake a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor again as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd been doin' any more'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straightfor'ard as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it come to fair and square jumping on a dead level, he could

get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand; and when it come to that, Smiley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had travelled and been everywhere, all said he laid over any frog that ever *they* see.

Well, Smiley kept the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch him down town sometimes and lay for a bet. One day a feller—a stranger in the camp, he was—come across him with his box, and says:—

“What might it be that you’ve got in the box?”

And Smiley says, sorter indifferent like, “It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, maybe, but it ain’t—it’s only just a frog.”

And the feller took it, and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says, “H’m—so ’tis. Well, what’s *he* good for?”

“Well,” Smiley says, easy and careless, “he’s good enough for *one* thing, I should judge—he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county.”

The feller took the box again, and took another long, particular look, and gave it back to Smiley, and says, very deliberate, “Well, I don’t see no p’int about that frog that’s any better’n any other frog.”

"Maybe you don't," Smiley says. "Maybe you understand frogs, and maybe you don't understand 'em; maybe you've had experience, and maybe you ain't, only a amateur, as it were. Anyways, I've got *my* opinion, and I'll risk forty dollars that he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county.

And the feller studied a minute, and then says kinder sad like, "Well, I'm only a stranger here, and I ain't got no frog; but if I had a frog I'd bet you."

And then Smiley says, "That's all right—that's all right—if you'll hold my box a minute, I'll go and get you a frog." And so the feller took the box, and put up his forty dollars along with Smiley's and set down to wait.

So he set there a good while thinking and thinking to hisself, and then he got the frog out and prized his mouth open and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail shot—filled him pretty near up to his chin—and set him on the floor. Smiley he went to the swamp and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog, and fetched him in, and gave him to this feller, and says:—

"Now, if you're ready, set him alongside of Dan'l, with his fore-paws just even with Dan'l, and I'll give the word." Then he says, "One—two—threc—jump!" and him and the feller touched up

the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off, but Dan'l give a heave, and hysted up his shoulders—so—like a Frenchman, but it wasn't no use—he couldn't budge; he was planted as solid as an anvil, and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

The feller took the money and started away; and when he was going out at the door, he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulder—this way—at Dan'l, and says again, very deliberate, "Well, *I* don't see no p'int about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time, and at last he says, "I do wonder what in the nation that frog throwed off for—I wonder if there ain't something the matter with him—he 'pears to look mighty baggy, somehow." And he ketched Dan'l by the nape of the neck, and lifted him up and says, "Why, blame my cats, if he don't weigh five pound!" and turned him upside down, and he belched out a double handful of shot. And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man—he set the frog down and took out after that feller, but he never ketched him. And——

[Here Simon Wheeler heard his name called

from the front yard, and got up to see what was wanted.] And turning to me as he moved away, he said: "Just set where you are, stranger, and rest easy—I ain't going to be gone a second."

But, by your leave, I did not think that a continuation of the history of the enterprising vagabond *Jim* Smiley would be likely to afford me much information concerning the *Rev. Leonidas W* Smiley, and so I started away.

At the door I met the sociable Wheeler returning, and he button-holed me and recommenced:—

"Well, thish-yer Smiley had a yaller one-eyed cow that didn't have no tail only jest a short stump like a bannanner, and——"

"Oh! hang Smiley and his afflicted cow!" I muttered good-naturedly, and bidding the old gentleman good-day, I departed.





“HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.”

THE following I find in a Sandwich Island paper which some friend has sent me from that tranquil far-off retreat. The coincidence between my own experience and that here set down by the late Mr. Benton is so remarkable that I cannot forbear publishing and commenting upon the paragraph. The Sandwich Island paper says:—

How touching is this tribute of the late Hon. T. H. Benton to his mother's influence: “My mother asked me never to use tobacco; I have never touched it from that time to the present day. She asked me not to gamble, and I have never gambled. I cannot tell who is losing in games that are being played. She admonished me, too, against liquor-drinking, and whatever capacity for endurance I have at present, and whatever usefulness I may have attained through life, I attribute to having complied with her pious and correct wishes. When I was seven years of age she asked me not to drink, and then I made a resolution of total abstinence;

and that I have adhered to it through all time I owe to my mother."

I never saw anything so curious. It is almost an exact epitome of my own moral career—after simply substituting a grandmother for a mother. How well I remember my grandmother's asking me not to use tobacco, good old soul! She said, "You're at it again, are you, you whelp? Now, don't ever let me catch you chewing tobacco before breakfast again, or I lay I'll blacksnake you within an inch of your life!" I have never touched it at that hour of the morning from that time to the present day.

She asked me not to gamble. She whispered and said, "Put up those wicked cards this minute! two pair and a jack, you numskull, and the other fellow's got a flush!"

I never have gambled from that day to this—never once—without a "cold deck" in my pocket. I cannot even tell who is going to lose in games that are being played unless I dealt myself.

When I was two years of age she asked me not to drink, and then I made a resolution of total abstinence. That I have adhered to it and enjoyed the beneficent effects of it through all time, I owe to my grandmother—let these tears attest my gratitude. I have never drank a drop from that day to this of any kind of water.

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